Andrews

Aug 1919

Journal II

Mongolian Trip.

1918 - 1919

Roy Chapman Andrews

Na mou gin

納木慶

hunter at
Wan shi tu

37
18
40
170

37
3
111

95

100

150

600

one chair 38 cdp
chairs we 16.5
3
£19.5.0

1919

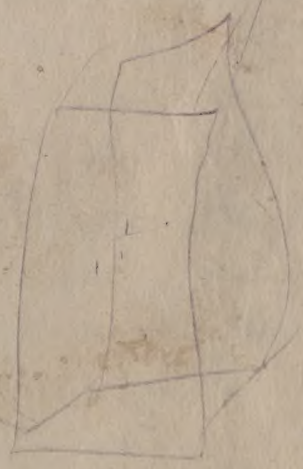
219 K&T.

Prodrick ♂ Aug. 20
Wrapper ♀ Aug. 21 - 7.40 - 5 1/4" - 24" - 9 - Hors. 5.1"
" Bjw " " 5.5 - 4 - 19 1/2 - 7 - 40 1/2
Prodrick ♂ Aug 22 - 46 1/2 - 1/2 - 14 3/4 - 5 1/2 - 31
Muck Dam ♀ " 24 33 1/2 - x - 12 3/4 - 4 - 23 1/4
Prodrick ♀ " 25 49 1/2 - x - 14 1/2 - 5 1/4 - 30 1/2
7 " ♂ Aug 25
8 " ♀ "
9 " ♀ jw "
10 " ♂
11 Bran ♀ Aug 27 - 49 1/2 - 7 - 12 - 4 - 29

Sand #2 hunter
came Aug 18 - to Aug 28 inc

3rd Muskrat hunter
came Aug 19 - left a.m. 4 Aug 23
hunted 4 days

Pancakes
6 tablespoons flour
2 " " sugar
1 teaspoon ~~salt~~ baking powder
3/4 " salt
mix together
make batter with milk



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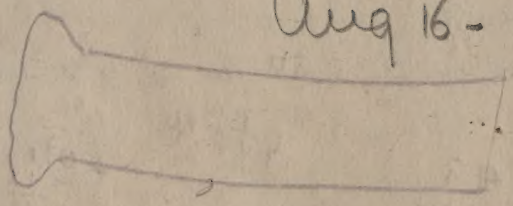
Aug 16 - Aug ? - 1919



Administrative Office
Gift.

Oct. 7 – Kang $50 Oct. 7 – Chai 25 — Oct. 11 Chan $15

Oct 20 – " 2 Nov. 12 5

Nov. 18 – " 1 Nov. 18 " 5

Nov. 20 – " 10 Nov. 27 – – – 20

" 27 – " 15

acct 270 + 5 + 2 + 1

Fouhl to Dec 15 So owes me 10

Cart Oct. 11 – 30 – Oct. 27 – 10 – Nov. 12 – 30 –

~~Hour Oct 1~~

Donkey Dec 4 – $6 bu

chai acct abt $19

$2 to chai in cash

2 " " " " in

3 " " " " in

$7.56 – paid $5 on Oct 27

$3 trap 50 –

$1 = 165 cash at our shi in

$1 = 165 cash

On wed 1st day = $1 = 159 crp

The land rolled in placid waves to the far bearings on every hand. It was like a calcareous sea which is disturbed only by the lazy progress of the longwave swell. Tokenings of ports could be seen like the sails of hull down ships black against the sky rim where it met the earth. The earth itself seemed at first glance as flat as a table for the swells merged indistinguishably into a level while it was only when approaching them dipped for a little out of sight and there depressions swallowed, like the magic pockets of a conjurer swallowed them up that one realized the unevenness of the landscape.

There is a charm about a rainy day when one can sit indoors & let it rain. 'When one hears the rain on a tent one has the pleasant sensation of immunity, escaping a storm's discomfort. There is no pleasure in being warm unless the day is cold; there is no fun in being cool unless the day is hot; & there is no fun in being dry unless the day is wet.' This day was very wet indeed.

Starlight lay on the slender river. The pines raised their tops against a purple sky gloriously besprinkled. The chill air was sweet with nature's untainted exhalations. Here surely pertained her residence & merrily forgetfulness her working place.

Aug 16 About 10 days ago three Tamas rode into our camp and altho' we could not figure out from his English explanation what they wanted we did ~~learn~~ understand that a contribution would be acceptable. We supposed that it was some sort of a religious ceremony which we were invited to contribute to ~~each~~ but withall it was good policy ~~and~~ to become a patron of ~~what was going~~ the activities of the community among which we had taken up our temporary dwelling. So I gave them some money.

It was not until three days ago that we discovered what it really was all about. The hunters had told us that they must return ~~for~~ two days hence when we started out. So explained by saying "I give Tamas money. Ride pony all same Peking - Two men catch lord each other - fall down" By a flash of intuition I divined that our rangers into valley were there a field day; that there were to be pony races and wrestling contests. I was vastly pleased with myself for during the day it became more & more evident that I had guessed correctly.

We felt confident that whatever was to take place would be well worth seeing & photographing because no matter how insignificant an event itself ~~the actual subject matter~~

~~that~~ any gathering of Dzongpels is certain to be present photographic possibilities. because of the picturesque costumes which are sure to be in evidence.

The morning was a wonder of brilliance; a blue sky above, a dazzling sun and no wind. No day could have been more perfect for field sports. We went to bed early with the movie camera ~~to~~ accompanied by Chen, Kang & the Lama. The boys were delighted for the holiday and went off as happy as children. N. & I followed an hour later but when we arrived at Sum Dorchi's yourt we were told that the festivities would take place further up the valley at the ~~other~~ yourts & not begin till noon. So we rode back for breakfast. At 12.30 I left alone ~~to~~ go up for N. was very tired.

I found all the Dzongpels gathered on the flat plain just at the base of the hill on which our camp had been placed. Part way up the slope sat a row of Lamas in brilliant yellow robes with pipes and ceremonial duties before them. ~~Taffy~~ Farther away ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~a~~ there was a semi circle of men dressed in their most brilliant robes, among whom I recognized Sum Dorchi tho' he was no bedecked, hatted & bonneted that I ~~had to~~ could hardly realize ~~it~~ was the same old fellow with whom I had lived in camp. (I presume if he saw

not in the assuming clothes of civilization he would ~~be tame~~ be as quietly surprised)

Big prizes of these savages, representing the gaiety of the community, were heaping bowls of cheese cut into tiny squares.

~~The spectators were~~ Between the two scaffolds ~~rooms~~ a yellow flag fluttered gaily from a ~~tall~~ slender staff.

The spectators ~~had~~ consisted of two groups of women of half a dozen each who sat in compact masses their hair horns almost interlocked. Every one was dressed in festival attire and it would be ~~impossible~~ impossible to describe the brilliancy of the costumes altho' they all followed the usual simple feminine attire. Sundaches wife and three girls were there of course, the young ladies ~~looking dressed~~ looking very much dressed up in their peaked hats. Why the two groups of women should have ~~not~~ been so exclusive and kept so completely to themselves, I cannot imagine for they sat a long distance apart and had no more intercourse with each other than ~~as~~ tho' they were not on speaking terms.

The first race was by about a dozen ponys ridden by boys from 14 to 16 yrs of age. And came up the ~~field~~ valley they swept by me on their way to the starting line, each one ~~yelling in a~~

uttering a wailing yell, indescribably barbaric. A few minutes later they came back in full run, hair streaming, heading their horses and wailing like lost souls.

The ~~victor~~ winner was led by two old mongrels to the row of yellow Lamas before whom he knelt twice, ~~while the men~~ and received a handful of cheap gewgaws the beads in front of them. These he scattered broadcast as he was conducted ceremoniously to the opposite semicircle of the lady ~~whose~~ from whom he ~~was again taught carried away~~ ~~leaping~~ returned with palms hiding with his prize.

The most interesting part of all however, was ~~the end~~ when all the men & boys all lined up on their horses facing the Lamas ~~and~~ each one ~~chanting~~ singing a monotonous chant. Then forming in line they circled about the Lamas, slowly at first, then faster & faster until their horses were in a full run.

After the race came wrestling contests, which in themselves were of little interest, The contestants ~~sparred~~ for holds & when finally in grips endeavored to throw each other by grasping the waist bands of their trousers & suddenly heaving it was practically the same as the Japanese manner of wrestling.

as in the horse race, the winner was conducted to the Lamas where he made his ~~ko~~ obeisances and then went ~~to the~~ Sun-dance's circle to receive his reward of charge.

The ~~scene was in actual sports of it~~ themselves were neither remarkable or very interesting but the scene as a whole was one of the most barbaric and picturesque that I have ever witnessed. The setting for it was perfect, with the grassy ~~covered~~ ~~room~~ hill on one side & on the other the ~~dark~~ forest clad mountains rearing their upon their in dark green masses. The half circle of brilliant yellow Lamas, faced by the old men of the valley ~~dressed~~ in ~~all~~ yellow their brilliant robes & ~~the~~ extraordinary hats, the women in their grotesque hair dress & flashing silver caps & the dark & rush of the ponies ridden by half wild boys; ~~altogether~~ it all held a barbaric touch that ~~held me~~ thrilled & fascinated. I could picture this same scene 600 years ago in the days of Kubla Khan when ~~his same~~ the Mongol empire was the greatest that the world has ever seen. These same ~~peaceful rolling~~ red hills must have gazed down upon just such scenes in the peaceful valley at their feet where the white

roofed yurts lay like gulls floating on a sea of grass. Even tho the great Khan's empire was won & held by force of arms in the intervals of fighting there were quiet days when the wild raiders followed the pursuits of peace.

~~I felt and as the mist rises & the~~ I felt as tho the curtain of 600 years had suddenly been lifted ~~& had & given me a~~ given a glance behind the curtain of 600 years with the privilege of carrying away in mental pictures all that I saw in that drama of nomad life. And tho I felt that I was more than a spectator for we have all become identified with the life of the valley & been accepted by its inhabitants. We are nomads just as they are. We come in the ~~spring~~ summer ~~with our tents~~ and pitched our tents in the forest as they erected their yurts in the open meadow beside the river. When the cold winds of approaching winter sweep down the valley ~~they~~ we will move with all our ~~flocks~~ sheep & ~~herds~~ goats and we will seek new hunting grounds.

All ~~our little~~ the community of our little valley are familiar & as we ~~are~~ and each man ~~or woman~~ has a "tai" of greeting when we pass them. Most all have been to our tents at one time or another and have received our Kodak cards & colored advertisements

grouse
capercaille
musk deer
smelling
curiosity
female des-
cription
copy of notes
heavy forest
laughing tres
few carnivores

wapiti
see first one
Hawaiians at side
of open hills &
open forests -
barking
Q. & ogg. seems from
camp.
[illegible] 3 [illegible]
S. D. shoots Q. & wg.
[illegible]
watch [illegible]
I shoot roebuck
~~perfect days~~
~~beautiful country~~
~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~
~~flowers~~
~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~
Ap[illegible]
Squirrels
~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible]~~
shedding of deer
& antelope -
only 2 [illegible] good
pheasant hunting
~~[illegible]~~
on [illegible]
~~always get wet~~
Lama tiny squeeze
chinese -

to make them happy. And I have doctored many of them for real or fancied ills. Some I have really been able to aid. S. D.'s little daughter had a bad case of eczema which zinc ointment speedily cured. Lead & opium has proved wonderfully effective for bruises & quinine for several attacks of fever. I suppose they are grateful, altho one can never tell. They accept it all without a word of thanks other than 'Sai'; but their cordial ~~[illegible]~~ acceptance of us as members of their community ~~[illegible]~~ ~~is~~ probably their way of expressing thanks.

When the last wrestling match had ended the sports were over. [illegible] raised the flag, leading a procession of all the male population of the valley who rode in a circle about the seated Lamas, going faster & faster till their horses were in a mad gallop. Then all adjourned to the ~~[illegible]~~ of one of the elder men of the valley where a feast had been prepared.

I was invited to attend but knowing from experience of Oriental feasts that the food would be uneatable & the drink worse, I begged to be excused and started home. But before I left the old

manager who was hurt but we ate a great chunk of boiled mutton, a slice of cheese and a piece of dough fried in mutton fat & shaped like the sole of a shoe. These were heaped in my hands & I rode off with many "sais" of farewell.

Aug. 17 We rode up to S. D.'s to make definite arrangements for the hunting trip & they agreed to go in the morning. S.D. It is a continual source of annoyance to me for he is so informally independent that I never can tell whether he will go or not when he says he will.

Aug 18 We started at 9 P.M. with Mr. Chen Fama S. D. the young hunter and rode up the valley to the north, for about 3 mi. then turned west over the nit range. ~~& again north~~. We came thru an immense forest which stretches in an almost unbroken line to the south west as far as we could see. It was almost as thick as a wall and would be an impossible place in which to hunt for one could not see more than 50 feet in any direction. ~~On the~~ We at last turned north into a wider valley and at once the country changed. On the east side of the valley ~~we had open~~ near grass covered hillsides ~~with~~ patched with ~~bare~~ thin forest & an ideal place in which to hunt wapiti. We followed it for about 4 miles and camped in a pretty grove of spruces on a little island formed by a division of the stream. It was evidentally a favorite spot for them

near the remnants of many fires and on the trees were hung ~~the~~ souvenirs of successful hunts. Two wapiti skulls a ♂ & a ♀ dangled from the branches of a huge spruce, rotted feet & bits of old horns strewed the ground. S. D. indicated that it was the correct thing to leave a ~~was~~ a contribution of this sort at the end of a profitable hunt.

It was an ideal camping spot, ~~high~~ dry with plenty of dead wood and ~~also~~ as secluded as a cavern. A hundred feet away or either side the tent was invisible and save for the thin wisps of blue smoke which ~~spiralled~~ up from our fire ~~we might~~ there was no sign of our presence there.

We ~~made camp~~ finished dinner by 7 o'clock & S. D. shouldered his rifle & a pair of skins & went out to spend the night watching at a salt lick in a meadow 1½ the west of camp. There were three licks in the field. ~~Each~~ About 40 feet away from each one a pit had been dug, ~~protected with~~ roofed with grass & bushes & with a comfortable rest for the gun — for no Mongol would attempt to shoot off hand. Men said that soda & not salt had been put on the licks ~~but~~ and there was evidence that they had been frequently used.

Aug 19 In the a.m. at 4 o'clock while I was drinking my coffee, S. D. came in & said that he had heard a wapiti

back during the night but that it had not come to the lick. He decided the young mongol & me to go to the north on the mt. side, ~~& we started~~ & went along the side of the valley thru' the patches of woods writhing the hill sides, while the young hunter struck off over the mt. to the west.

I had not been gone more than an hour & had just worked across the lower end of a deep ravine when I heard a wapiti bark above & behind me. It was a harsh deep toned bark exactly like one I had heard in Korea and could by no stretch of imagination be called a 'trumpet' or 'bugle'. I turned about ~~instantly~~ instantly thrilled as thro by an electric shock, and worked cautiously up the mt. side towards the sound. I believed it to be some distance away, farther than it really was, & as I kept to the top of the ridge bordering the ravine which I had crossed lower down a splendid bull wapiti rushed off thru' the trees. He had been standing on the very bottom of the ravine feeding on the tender grass. There was no chance to shoot because of the heavy cover, even when I saw him again running along the edge of the forest on the hill side, there was such a screen of branches between us that a shot would have been useless.

Cursing myself for all sorts of a

for because I had not crawled more carefully to the summit by the ridge I followed the animals trail until it drag lost in the heavy forest. Altho bitterly disappointed it was encouraging to have seen a buck in so short a time, but I found no others during the morning. Neither S. D. nor the young hunter had seen anything. Another younger hunter came down during the a.m. & he went up with the yg hunter to stay 3 or four days while I remained with S. D. at this camp.

Aug 20 At 4 o'clock I was awakened by the patter of rain on the tent. It soon became a steady downpour and I turned over in my ~~sleeping~~ bag from time to time because there could be no hunting while the rain lasted. At 7 o'clock Chen who was cooking breakfast excitedly came in to say that two wapiti were on the hill side opposite camp. I ~~went~~ rushed out to see a doe & a fawn wapiti against the sky line just disappearing over the summit of the mt. Half an hour later they returned & I tried to stalk them but unsuccessfully. S. D. had seen them disappear in a patch of woods and at 10 o'clock we tried to drive them out. Instead a fine buck roebuck appeared near the red man and he killed it with one shot.

It had begun to rain in earnest and we knew we were in for a day and more

but except for the fact that I was anxious to be at my hunting we had a happy time of it.

There is a charm about a rainy day when we can sit comfortably reading and let it rain. The steady patter on the tent gives me the pleasant sensation immediately escaping extreme discomfort. There is no fun in being warm unless the day is cold, there is no fun in being cool unless the weather is hot and there is no fun in being dry unless the day is wet. This day was very wet indeed. We had several new "Sat. Eve. Posts", "Lifes", "Atlantic monthly" & Mrs. Oliphant's book on the Mediæval Scottish Age which kept us from being bored. And we could always eat. Chen made us "chowd-ge's" baked beans & stewed fruit & we felt ourselves very fortunate to be just where we were.

Aug. 21 to Aug. 2 The following days were a succession of delightful hunts in the morning and evening. After about 11 days of pleasant weather we would have a full day of rain when there was nothing to do but loaf in camp & sleep or read. Never have I seen such remarkable weather, such kaleidoscopic changes from clouds and rain to brilliant sunshine. One moment the sky would be like a vast blue curtain

flecked only with a half dozen billowy masses of ~~some~~ white clouds. Fifteen minutes later the blue will have given place to a leaden gray blanket stretched ~~from~~ over every nook of celestial space, darkness almost that of night will have filled the forest, and a flurry of rain drum on the tent. Hardly have we covered our drying skins & made all secure, ~~for~~ when the clouds will have broken away and the sun ~~is~~ will again be flooding our valley with the golden light of early autumn. For it is already autumn here, even tho' it is ~~said~~ only mid-August. The season corresponds with early October of a temperate climate, and we are already having nightly frosts which ~~turn~~ wither the ~~leaves~~ tender flowers and turn the leaves to yellow & gold. In the morning when I cross the valley to the mt. forests, the grass is white with frost and crackles beneath my feet like delicate ~~glass~~ threads of spun glass. My moccasins are white with powdered snow-frost but at the first touch of the sun, valley & forest ~~becomes~~ ~~dripping~~ are dripping as from a heavy rain. My feet & legs, waist high are soaked in half an hour and I return to camp at the end of the hunt as wet as tho' I had waded a dozen rivers. Can we can not ~~remove~~ in fact in northern Mongolia without the certainty

of a thorough wetting. ~~There are~~ Even when the dew has dried there are ~~innumerable~~ swamps & streamlets in every valley and in the most unexpected places on the mid slopes. The whole country must be full of springs from the valleys to the very mid summits. It is this, I suppose, with the heavy rainfall ~~which is~~ as well as the short season, which is responsible for the luxuriant grass and the host of ~~magnificent~~ exquisite flowers. From June to August the valleys ~~hills & mts~~ are ~~carpeted with~~ like a marvellous garden and the woods are ablaze with color. Bee bells, clustering so thickly that their stalks bent under the weight of blossoms, carpet the open ~~pt~~ spots with a sheet of azure — & a score of other ~~flowers~~ flowers of ~~every~~ rainbow hues ~~raises their heads~~ sparkle ~~among~~ in the grass. Of them all I think I think I like best, the ~~avid~~ poppies. ~~Their pale yellow faces are so~~ They have a delicate fragile beauty, ~~about~~ which is wonderfully appealing. They are like the Alaskan poppies which look up so happily from the storm swept hills of the Pribilof Islands.

At Nuga in the Bogdin we have saw the countless berries, but we have not seen them here. Save for a diminutive patch of strawberries

and few raspberries on a hillside near
our main camp, the little fruit which
the country has afforded us has
been red currants. But even those are
so exceedingly sour that they set
my teeth on edge and require such a
quantity of sugar to make them pal-
atable that they have given us little
pleasure.

But for all its lack of fruit it is a
country of exceeding beauty. The
dark forests, further now than
by a grove of poplars or a silvery birch,
the beautiful valleys and the rounded
summits are as wild and pristine
as nature made them and seem untouched
by the undertaking hand of man. Only the
blackened trunks of fire swept patches
indicate that a human being has ever
trod the wilderness. In certain spots
a few trees have been felled for lumber
but these are so far between that
the beauty of the forests have not been marred
I wonder how long they will remain
inviolate! Certainly not many years
after the Gobi Desert has been crossed by
lines of steel and Urga has become
railroad sheds have replaced the gold
roofed temples of sacred Urga. I hope I shall
not have to see it then, for there are left

far too few of the glorious cities of ancient days and the saw tax have scarred the faces of nature's most remote children. A dozen years ago I drove on the edges of the vast Mandan rain forests along the Yakima River, I saw the beginning of the devastation. I am tired that today, ~~that the edges not passed long ago and that~~ the very heart of the wilderness is yielding up its age old trees. To stand on the summit of a mt. as I did last night and gaze across the miles + miles of ~~wild~~ unbroken green it would seem that here there was an unexhaustible supply of wood. But no more pernicious thing was ever coined than "unexhaustible supply"! There is only so much water in the ocean and every bucket full which is removed, makes it so much less. But I can comfort myself that the certain death of these glorious forests will not come while I am still young enough to roam the wilderness and perhaps our children's children will have lost - through force of circumstance the restless spirit of the world which drives me out into the great unknown.

In all our wandering in ~~Mongolia~~

these forests ~~we~~ have seen no evidence of occupation by the Indians other than wood cutting except for charcoal pits. Why ~~they~~ any one should have come to this remote spot to burn charcoal for the Chuquicamata market I can not imagine; anyway they conclusively decided that it was a ~~[illegible]~~ waste of energy for the pits had been abandoned long ago.

One morning while I was wandering thru' the woods far ~~[illegible]~~ up the valley I heard a wapiti bark. Instantly it was answered from ~~across~~ the opposite mt. side and again from another far away. The first one was near me – behind & below. I stalked the animal breathlessly but only had the pleasure of seeing it cross ~~up & [illegible]~~ an opening in the forest & disappear into a ravine. A few moments later he barked again far below. He was on his way to answer the challenge of his rival across the ~~[illegible]~~ stream ~~but~~ and the chase was hopeless. ~~[illegible]~~ I went to the edge of the forest, & for a long time watched the ~~val~~ opposite slope, but there was not another sound of the animals.

That same a.m. only a short distance from where I sat, S.D. had come upon a cow wapiti feeding with her calf. He had killed them both and returned to camp. Finding me gone & the others

found asleep he had gone out again. When he returned at 4 o'clock we sat about the fire for 1½ hr. before he made known his good fortune. Then he became quite excited and was beaming, as much as it is possible for his leathery like face to beam, when I returned.

We had breakfast and all went to the spot in the woods where the animals lay, to skin ~~them~~ & prepare them. It was a four hour job & we did not return till 3 P.M. The animals had almost finished shedding & were in their short gray winter coats — this was Aug. 21. The roebuck have already begun to shed so that there is very little time in the summer for a collector to obtain proper skins. The new coat has not come in till June 15 & begins to go by ~~Aug~~ to mid Aug. — only two months of proper hair.

S.D. very carefully saved the stomach & parts of the intestines. From the former he makes a bag in which to carry milk or other liquids & the intestines he inflates, dries & uses for containers of butter & ointment. The tendons he dries & ~~sells~~ doubtless sells to the Chinese. One big deer, was greatly enriched

in obtaining them & also both the fat tailed sheep and cattle. The latter he says is an esteemed ~~food~~ delicacy in Pathing-worth $3 per ~~he says!~~ but it was a most unattractive looking object.

On the P.M. the young hunter & the other men who had gone off to hunt by themselves returned empty handed. The young fellow was much crest fallen because he said they had found a bear & he had badly wounded it. His gun jammed on the next shot and the animal had escaped.

I spent a night at a salt lick ~~just~~ in the valley meadow out side the camp but nothing came to it altho the night before a big rhapiti had been there and dug up the ground. The natives put soda, not salt, in the licks - A mat ~~that~~ has been dug amid the grass 140 feet away from the lick, a framework of sticks built for a gun rest and the whole concealed in grass and bushes. I ~~put~~ snuggled into my ~~fur~~ sleeping bag and watched all night. ~~It~~ There was an overcast sky and the valley was as dark and silent as a tomb. There were none of the usual night sounds - not even the note of a sleepy bird.

Strangely enough there are remarkably

few birds to be seen in this region. The forest is almost deserted except for the jays, a few small birds, "hazel grouse" and capercaillie. The latter are really very abundant. I have found them feeding in the openings around the forest near the mt. summits almost every d. M. The males are always alone – that is, the ♀'s are not with them. Sometimes two or three ♂'s will be near each other & get up with such a roar of wings that ~~they~~ it sounds like an auto going thru' the forest. They are not especially wild & we could have good sport with a short gun. The ♀'s are usually with their young in the valley bottoms & the edge of the woods. The chicks are now strong on the wing and the size of prairie grouse.

The hazel hens are the size of a ruffed grouse and like here in the heavy forest – their habits & the two birds are very similar. When flushed they will usually fly a short distance & alight in a tree top. The ♂'s have a gray back, dashed with black points, a whitish breast barred with black & a black band on the tail near the end. I have

I have seen a few black woodpeckers which I believe to be the arctic "three toed" – & one or two big black fellows with a red crest

probably the European species & similar to the one I got in Korea. Black grouse are rather rare but I have of course not hunted them here. I have seen about half a dozen.

I left the salt lick at the first sign of dawn (3.30 a.m.) and by 4 o'clock was on the N.W. side across the valley from camp. I heard a cropin' bark but did not find it and at 6 o'clock began to work down the side of a deep ravine. When I was 2/3 rds down I suddenly saw a roebuck on the opposite side quietly feed. He was entirely unconscious of my presence and I dropped into the bushes to wait till he fed ~~out~~ moved into the open. When I saw his red body appear from behind a bush I fired. The buck went to his knees & kicked violently - then got to his feet uncertainly. I fired again & he went down for good. ~~Either~~ The second shot was unnecessary but I have lost so many wounded animals in this heavy forest that now I never take a chance and if a deer moves off at all I shoot again for safety's sake.

The deer was a splendid buck with large antlers, one of which had been slightly injured in youth & was bent to the side. I smoked a cigarette while I admired his beauty & then bundled

slowly homeward. Later Y. & I rode out on our ponies & shot in the deer.

We had two days of rain which were unfavorable except for a mule deer - The animal was in poor condition for the long summer coat - brown with indistinct white spots - was only partially shed.

When it cleared Sunny D. & the y. hunter went off for a two day hunt while I stay hunted at the old camp. I did some bardwork but heard only one wapiti bark & saw two mule deer. These little fellows lie on the summits of the ridges in heavy forest. I caught a glimpse of my first one as it leaped behind a bush. Instantly dropping to the ground I remained motionless and soon I heard a loud snuffing sneeze then another from a little to one side. I could hear the deer circling about sneezing excitedly but even tho' it was only 10 feet away it was invisible in the thick bush. Finally its curiosity seemed satisfied & it ran off without giving me another sight of it. The same thing happened the next day and again the little deer circled about in the underbrush where I could not see it.

S.D. The y. hunter returned after two days with a roebuck. Roebucks & 2 does & 1 fawn. Three of them were shedding badly but one

dog was still in good pelage. We moved camp that day to the junction of the valleys 3 or 4 miles away. It was fine weather but the next day it rained hard. S. D. & the y. hunter went off up a branch valley & left me to hunt alone but the forest was so heavy that it was useless & I saw nothing. They returned finally with a fine roebuck male, & a yearling wild pig (female). She was a perfect specimen and in fine pelage tho' the roebuck had lost all but a few of his red hairs & was in short brown winter coat.

We decided that it was necessary to go into Urga to find out about returning to Peking and so returned to camp on Aug. 28. We expected to go to Urga in the following day and S. D. promised to meet us there. On our young Lama we discovered had been making such a wholesale squeeze from us that we could no longer take their hire. He had played his game too cleverly and not content with squeezing us had extended it to the Chinese servants also. In fact everything they purchased from the Kumgols netted him a commission. He made a fatal mistake in this for while the Chinese were perfectly content to have us worked they did not relish its extension to themselves. The result was that Chen told me the entire

story and I had it again from S. D. The little
witch had told the hunters that I insisted upon
having the musk sac of a deer they had killed
after I had expressly said I did not want it.
He had charged me double for everything he
had purchased & in every transaction with the
hunters which we had had dealt him. Moreover
he had neglected our horses, tied them so they
could not eat, lost our bowles & in short,
had become a thoroughly useless little devil.
I have never seen such a complete debacle in
the value of a man. On the plains he was
all that we could ask, eager, interested,
hard working, reliable & a pleasant companion.
The day we left Uga for our trip into the
woods his slump began & ever since he has
been getting steadily worse. But his end is
near for when the trip is over we will
have a final reckoning in which he will learn
the value of being honest + of treating a foreigner
squarely.

When we left the hunters to ride into our main
camp it was 3 o'clock of a lowering afternoon.
There had been rain while the a[illegible] but we thought
it had ceased for the day, so were hardly startled
however before the sky began to darken. On the
mt. summit which was, we could see a grey
veil which rapidly drew nearer. In ten minutes
it reached us and we were in a deluge of hail.
The stones were the size of peas and pelted on our

pigeons squirrels snow cliff 12 colors of forest
marmen redbreast

horses till they were frantic with pain & fright. If we turned our faces they almost bled from the icy pellets which were driven before a gale of wind. Fortunately the storm was at our backs and we could go on till we reached the shelter of the heavy forest half a mile ahead.

Almost as suddenly as it had swept upon us the hail gave place to rain and our feet & legs were drenched ~~as with the particles~~ under the skirts of our rain coats. It was a deadly cold ride to camp and almost black night when we reached them at 7 o'clock. We had let the Lama & chen come on with the pack animals and they arrived an hour later. How they ever managed to find their way thru the swamp, across the river & to the camp is a mystery to me for the darkness was so intense that it seemed ~~also~~ like a dead black wall.

Lo & Kang had gone to bed when we arrived but we roused them out & warmed ourselves in their tent while Lo made countless corn meal pancakes. There ~~was~~ seemed to ~~have~~ be a bottomless pit in each of us, which no amount of food could ever fill and not until we were satisfied did we pitch our tent & crawl into our fur bags.

The next day, which was bright but cold & windy we spent in preparing ~~bacon~~ specimens to take to Muga. In the aft. a hunter whom we had formerly employed as a hunter bought in a young cow moose, the skin which we purchased for $7. The Lama tried to extract $20 from us, half of which he

would have kept himself, but we went on to his camp & conducted negotiations entirely by means of signs & the few words of Mongol which we had learned.

We left camp at Sadrah on the morning of Aug. 30 for our ride into Urga. Chen & Kang had asked to go so I took them on the small cart loaded with specimens which we were to leave at A.T.M. Co's godown. It was as perfect a fall day as one could wish — warm sun, cloudless sky & no wind. The grass had just begun to show a tinge of yellow in the green but among the trees patches of vivid gold & red glowed in the sunlight among the sombre green of the pines & spruces. Our day was as uneventful as the last time we travelled the road had been full of trouble & discomfort. ~~The cart~~ What was then swamp & series of mud water was now hard dry ground. Even with the cart we made the 40 miles to Mai-ma-chen in one day & reached the Mamens's house just at dark. There we found Mr. & Mrs. Sulander who had come up for the winter, and the Mamens kindly put us up for the night. S. D. had already arrived, having come by a short cut over the mts, & had gone on to West Urga.

The following day we sent the cart on to Urga & Y. & I went on also. I found S. D. at Quirsens and Sulander but we both back to Mamens. There to my delight & intense surprise, I found

Mr & Mrs. McCallie who had arrived ten minutes earlier from Kalgan. They had joined Chas. Coltman, who had bought out Warren's interest in the Monghan Trading Co., & were to spend the winter in Urga. I think I have never been more delighted to see any one than I was to see the McCallies. ~~They~~ He is a 'regular fellow' and she is a 'regular girl'. They had brought up my Mannlicher & some other things for us from Kalgan and I felt like hugging my little gun. It is a wonderful thing to have a rifle which you know will shoot when you want it & not jam at the critical moment for that is the time when a gun always does jam, if it has the habit at all.

~~We~~ Piled in their car & went on to Urga with the Mac's. Lusander had rented a house not far from A M & Co's for the M. T. Co. and we all went there. ~~We~~ They invited us to camp out with them as long as we were in Urga.

Olufsen was giving a lunch party but with the characteristic hospitality of the Far East he included us four new arrivals even tho' we came only half an hour before tiffin. Mac was fresh from the desert with a week's growth of beard & his field clothes offset minor which would otherwise have appeared rather conspicuous among the white collars of the other guests.

Before tiffin I had a talk with S. to.

thru' Mamen & Folson Jensen. The old devil wanted such an enormous price for the skins of the animals we had killed, even tho' we had given him all the meat that I had to quit hunt. He asked $2 per day wages & $20 for every horse wapiti alive the skins are only worth $4 to $6 in the market. The old man was as independent as usual and preferred to quit the good money which we had proved to be rather than reduce his demands by a single dollar. He certainly is an impossible person to work with. Mamen says he is like most mountain hunters. In the first place they will seldom if ever take a white man to the best hunting grounds no matter what wages they are paid. He would not have shot a bull wapiti, in all probability, even if he had seen one. When the wapiti horns are in the velvet they are worth about $100 tails. He would argue that it would be foolish to let me shoot one when the next spring he might get it himself — and so it is with other things to a less extent. The moose & redbuck antlers are not valuable as medicine, as are the wapiti, but nevertheless the Mangels prefer to keep their own hunting grounds for themselves. It is hard to deal with men who care so little for money as S. D. does. And yet he is a regular Jew when it comes to

charging for his services.

Old J. D. got himself into a fine scrape a few years ago. He decided that the wapiti on the Brigdo ~~al~~ must be of a superlative quality & so sneaked in for a hunt. He ~~killed~~ ~~shot~~ killed a fine stag but the ~~real~~ Lama guards heard the shot and surrounded him. The old fellow ran ~~——~~ into a ravine filled with huge boulders, ~~when~~ he heard them approaching, and hid himself so completely that the Lamas could not find him. So they tried a ruse which worked successfully.

Knowing that he could probably hear them, they called out that it was useless to hunt for the old man, & that they would go back. They withdrew into the forest but kept the ravine surrounded & after about 2 hrs J. D. ventured out only to be seized by the Lamas. He ~~was~~

He was hurried southwards & carried without food or drink. For several days he ~~did not recover consciousness~~ remained unconscious ~~——~~ but it is unlikely that he might and eventually be recovered.

He was ~~doomed~~ sentenced to a year in one of the terrible wooden coffins but upon the intervention of Lobsom Yeshen ~~he~~ it was commuted ~~and~~ except for the fact that he had to go about with a wooden "Kang" ~~around~~ around his neck for several

weeks, he escaped. I doubt if even his narrow escape chastened his independent spirit and I would ~~venture~~ wager almost any money that he will shoot other deer on Bogdosol before he dies.

Speaking of coffins reminds me of what Mac & I saw one day about a hundred yards from his house. We were attracted by 3 ~~big~~ heavy wooden boxes about 6 x 4 ~~by~~ feet standing beside the road. In the side of each was a round hole about 6 inches in diameter. As we dipped we saw a human face appear at ~~the~~ hole in one of the boxes & were horrified to find that each coffin contained two men. Not only were they confined, ~~we~~ but each one had both hands manacled palms together and an enormous chain about the neck. The links of the chain were at least 4" in long diameter & were heavy enough to hold a ships anchor. The poor wretches had persuaded some friend to pass them in a few sticks with which they propped up the chains to take some of the ~~the~~ weight off their necks. To wear these shackles alone would be sufficient to kill an ordinary man after a few days, nearly, and in addition to be confined in a box so low that it was not possible to sit upright! Think what torture! ~~Mac~~ ~~d~~ One becomes accustomed to sights

which are not nice, when wandering about the world but both Mac and I were faint & sick at the sight and the thought of the torture those poor wretches were undergoing.

These ~~coffins~~ men we were told could consider themselves lucky that their coffins ~~they were~~ allowed to remain outside in the open air. ~~Some~~ For grave offences, some men are confined in similar coffins in a dungeon under the jail ~~where~~ in inky darkness. Here they have to remain one or two years and ~~in some~~ cases for life. Even in winter the coffins are left outside in temperature which falls as low as -60° F. Of course, the minutes open air, but what matter! There are so many less charges for the jailers to attend to.

The jail itself which is ~~very~~ a short distance about the ministers of war & foreign affairs is a most evil looking structure from the outside, and if reports are true ~~the~~ its interior & the devices for punishment which it contains are worthy the best efforts of Louis XI of France. That charming king had cages, ~~not~~ ~~[illegible]~~ made of iron, in which the prisoner could neither sit upright nor lie at length. ~~[illegible]~~ ~~his pet & proposed~~ ~~[illegible]~~ In these the members of his proposed list of funerals could meditate upon their

sins. But they could not have been worse than the mummy coffins in which the inhabitants sit with chains about their necks in perpetual darkness. ~~Some in Urga perish~~ Few, if any foreigners in Urga have ~~seen~~ seen the interior of the jail, ~~even the eyes of a~~ as a ~~privileged~~ visitor and I for one would not care to go. The sight of these poor wretches in open air coffins — privileged prisoners as it was — ~~was quite~~ enough for me. It is quite another matter to view the implements of torture which one sees in the ancient prisons of Venice, for one realizes that those ~~are~~ are things of the long dead past, and their real significance hardly penetrates thro' the veil of years. They ~~make~~ make ~~me~~ shiver rather delightfully but it has all so far away ~~and~~ until the Germans showed us that barbarism in their race, at least, ~~was~~ is only covered by a thin veneer of ~~so-called~~ Kultur, that I could not feel that such things belonged to the present anywhere in our living world. But here in Mongolia, where we see such ~~brutal~~ devilish devices for punishment ~~torture~~ openly displayed upon the street, one can not but shiver to think of what implements of torture are hidden from the light of day.

I cries

True, in China, the death of 1000 cuts where a living man was delicately & expertly carved to pieces, has only been abolished ~~for~~ a dozen years or so. And the bamboo cage, where the victim

slowly has his neck stretched until he expires in untold agony, ~~the~~ ~~are~~ is still a very real part of the present. And only last November I heard of an extraordinary story from a British ~~Rec~~ corporal Recruiting officer in Shantung Prov.

The father of a Chinese recruit who had recently returned from France, one day appeared at the office to obtain the money due his son. He was asked why the boy himself did not apply. He remarked casually "Oh we buried him yesterday"

Upon investigation the recruiting officer discovered that the corpse was known as a "bad egg" in the village. When he returned from France the elders of his village and his father held council. They decided that the boy would probably join the brigands who were ravaging the country and lead them in an attack against ~~the~~ his home village. Therefore he should be ostracised in some way. But how to do it, ~~was~~ the question, for they objected to openly killing him. It was decided, ~~that the way~~ without consulting the principal in the case, that the best way was to bury him alive. Therefore, with the sanction of the village elders, & his own parents, he was forthwith interred.

Kiwei-hwa chung trip

Friday
Oct. 8th

Left Peking with Harry Caldwell at 8.30 a.m. on the Peking-Suiyuan line for Fengchung. The trip was like all other travelling on Chinese trains and we rode mostly in the dining car. At Kalgan where the train halted for 15 min. we were met by Chas. Coltman who had a new Mongol tent for our servants, which had been made in Kalgan. We reached Fengchung, the end of the P.R. at 9.30 P.M. in a drizzling rain. ~~[illegible]~~ after being questioned by three Chinese soldiers as to the object of our visit we went to a good inn a few hundred yards from the station. The soldiers were exceedingly pleasant & polite, a great exception to the general run of the breed, and seemed satisfied when we told them we were on a shooting trip for ducks & geese.

Our passports had not been viséd for Shansi, nor did we have gun permits, (a new regulation) but we were confident that we could bluff our way. I have learned after considerable experience that the least we has to do with officials when travelling in the interior of China, the less we will suffer from annoyance. The magistrates are so fearful lest some harm befall a foreigner travelling in their district, & they themselves will thereby get into difficulties with those "higher up" that innumerable and usually fictitious objections are forthcoming

as to why the foreigner should not proceed into the interior.

~~We had~~ For half a dozen years a band of robbers had been reported from the mts. north of Kuei hua cheng which had been known to hunt sheep. That there was some truth in the report was certain for Mr. Coltman & Mr Richard Dane had been ordered away by the brigands when they were hunting there 3 or 4 years before and the soldiers had had several brushes with the brigands. The result was that the district was considered to be exceedingly unsafe and neither the Chinese Foreign Office nor the district magistrates would grant permits for travelling in the Kuei hua cheng region. Therefore we were careful not to let ~~it be~~ understand we ~~know. where we were~~ Our plan was to give a wide berth to any place where officials were quartered.

The Fang cheng yamen runners seemed satisfied with our explanations, since ~~it~~ ~~was~~ the ~~with~~ ducks & geese were arriving from the north and a number of foreigners were taking short shooting trips away from the rail road.

Oct 11 Sat. We had hoped to get away the day following our arrival in Fang cheng but had not expected it, for my experience had taught me that there is an inevitable delay in obtaining carts or riding animals whenever

one starts for a trip into the interior. Saturday ~~Oct~~ was a wretched day. A pouring rain and cold. The streets were flowing rivers and lakes of mud. The landlord of the inn had promised to obtain a cart & riding ponies but ~~and~~ none were forthcoming. He kept assuring us that they would arrive ~~soon~~ at any moment but at noon when I finally pinned him down he admitted that he had made no efforts to obtain any. "It is raining too hard" was his excuse. — The usual thing — for instead of telling us that he did not want to bother, he had to lie about it. Typically Chinese! So we started out to dig up the animals for ourselves.

We finally found three riding ponies which we purchased for $100 after two hours of bargaining. They were not bad animals but of course we had to pay more than they were worth. We expected that for if a Chinaman knows you want anything in a hurry, it is not to be had. But then he does not differ much from other races! The horsemen agreed to have a cart with 3 mules ready for us at 10 next morning. We were to pay $3.30 per day. I knew of course that they would not arrive at the hour agreed upon & was agreeably surprised when they

Sunday Oct 12 turned up at 1.30 P.M. But they had to have 'chow' & then I had an hour's chase to round up the mafus afterward, so we did not get away till 4 P.M. not bad, considering

the way things usually go in China! I had really not expected to get started until the next day. But even if it was late P.M. a start of some sort was desirable for otherwise it would all have had to be done over again in the A.M.

Getting out of the city with the cart was a problem for the roads were unbelievably bad. Simply lakes of liquid mud in which our cart sank to the hubs.

~~Outside~~ Beyond the city the plain was almost as bad, but we splashed along until 7.30 at night. It had been dark ~~since~~ for an hour when we finally reached an inn. The doors to the compound were shut & barred but by dint of pounding we elicited and answer from the far interior. But we made a mistake by allowing him to talk before the cart arrived. His Peking dialect showed at once that he was a stranger & the inn keeper would not open the door. Finally he simply retired & left us to hammer to our heart's content.

Fortunately there was another inn not far away where our carter was known & we were given entry without difficulty.

Monday Oct. 13

We had long day over bad roads and just before dark crossed a pass thru a low mt. range. On the very summit we discovered a flock of chuckar but our guns were in the cart. The birds lay so close that it was

almost impossible to put them up. We came down the pass on the other side feeling our way and finally reached a long winding cut between the rocks which took us out upon the lake bary of the Tai Hai. Then we came thru the pass five or six flocks of geese passed over, flying low, the wedges showing black against the clear sky.

We were ahead of the cart & tried inn after inn only to find them full. Finally we managed to unearth a small room in the last inn, close by the lake and went to bed after a late supper with the musical clamor of thousands of wild fowl lulling us to sleep.

Tues. Oct. 14 At daylight we turned out and hurried to the lake shore. Harry took a station away from the water at the base of the hills while I dropped behind some islands for the evaporation of salt. Hardly had I got in position before two geese came straight for me. I waited until they were almost above my head & knocked both down with a right & left. The shots set thousands of birds in motion, flock after flock of geese rose into the air and long lines of ducks skimmed close to the water settling away from shore or on the mud flats near the waters edge.

Mammoth birds came near me and

after 15 minutes I returned to the inn for breakfast. Harry appeared shortly after with a mallard duck.

We got the carts started by 8 o'clock & with them behind our horses rode down the shore of the lake to the south. The mud flats were dotted with hundreds of ruddy shell drakes, their beautiful red brown bodies ~~& white wing patches showing~~ glowing like patches of autumn leaves in the sun light. Half a dozen swans ~~drifted~~ a hundred yards from shore drifted about like ~~snow~~ floating snow banks and ducks & geese by thousands rose or settled in the lake. We saw a flock of ducks alight in the short grass in a marshy spot and when I went to stack them 5.00 or 6.00 ~~head~~ green heads, yellow bills and pintails went up in a brown cloud.

For two hours, crouched behind the salt mounds we had good shooting and then rode up to rejoin the carts, our ponies loaded with ducks & geese. The roads swing about the north end of the lake and across the mountain passes we saw a whole army of geese coming in from their summer breeding grounds in Mongolia & far Siberia. Regiment after regiment swept past, circled away to the west and dropped into the water as tho' following the commands of a field marshal. ~~We had~~

There was no time for more shooting, and indeed we had all the ~~game~~ birds we needed, so we kept on after the carts.

Oct. 15-16-17 Wed-Thurs. Fri

The next three days were mostly steady travelling varied now & then by excursions into the fields after a straay flock of geese. The country thru' which we passed was mountainous but the village life was interesting: on almost every hill side were colonies of cave dwellers — houses dug into the loess, with a door & windows & gris light & ventilation. These loess caves are dry & warm and are certainly the most satisfactory dwellings in which to live. They were found all the way from Fung-cheng to the end of our journey and ~~were~~ are exceedingly picturesque. They are exactly like those in Honan, and indeed the whole region in its general aspect was like that interior province.

The inns were not bad, as inns go, and are a wonderful improvement on those of Honan and South China as are all the inns of the north. When we used to speak of the filthy inns of Central & ~~western~~ Southern China the people of Peking seemed greatly surprised that we found them so very bad, and after travelling in the north

we learned the reason.

The last day (Fri.) we reached the Kuei-hua-cheng plain which stretches away in undulating waves like the Boreal Mongolia, except for its extensive cultivation. Wheat, millet, + kaoliang are the chief crops but near every village there are irrigatable gardens in which cabbages, carrots, potatoes & turnips are grown.

On the plain we had good sport, & excellent collecting, shooting gerbils — little sand rats which make their holes in every mound or field dyke along the road. The holes are about 2" in diameter and close together. The colonies are usually separated by a considerable interval but the animals are exceedingly abundant. The little fellows were playing about in the sunlight, running in & out of their holes & industriously carrying food & straw into their dens. We killed them with our aux. bands & they would let us approach to within 20 or 30 feet before they whisked under ground. But almost immediately their heads would appear from another opening & their bright little eyes would stare at us unblinkingly,

at the first sudden movement they were mounted again but if we raised our guns very slowly they would remain quiet till the shot. Then it was needed quick work to serve them before they struggled into the holes.

At 3.30 we reached the picturesque walls of Kiui-hua-cheng and swing about to the north across the plain toward the mountains where we could see a white trail zig-zagging up the a ridge. This trail had been visible for 10 miles at least and at its base we had been told we would find the village of Wu-shi-tu where the sunny hunters lived.

Harry, Chai & I rode ahead to the village, ~~and reached it~~ which is about 2½ li from Kiui hua cheng. We found a miserable little inn, the first house in the village, and there made arrangements for the night. While waiting for the cart, we went up the hill to the house of the sunny hunters of whom I had heard from Sir Richard Dane, Cattman Bochers. We found him easily enough, and he agreed to go with us the following morning after sheep.

Lat
Ed. 18

The past week had been one of beautiful days and we expected a ~~[illegible]~~ morning, but instead the light ~~broke to a gray cloudy~~ slowly filtered in through a heavy blanket of gray clouds. Want of air a tropic gale was blowing and it was as cold as an arctic winter. I knew it was useless to hunt but when the hungry around, we started ~~out~~ up the rocky mountain on the half mile to the valley toward the white house. ~~Some kind~~ The climb would have been child's play on a quiet day but with the wind in our faces it was very mighty uncomfortable to walk at all. When we finally reached the ~~summit~~ crest of a spur we met a gale from the other side which literally lifted us off our feet & blew us back against the rocks. It was like the wind which always sweeps upward from the sea to the Pali in Honolulu and we could only breathe when our backs were to it. The cold was terrible but we struggled on for we were bent to have our first sight of the sheep of which we had heard so much. We stood it until 1 P.M. when it was evident to hunt

longer was useless. We were well nigh frozen when we turned back along another ridge which swung off to the ~~east~~ south & would bring us back to camp. On the way we separated and in minutes afterward Harry & his young Mexican hunter jumped up a goral which he killed after shooting it three times. He incidentally learned how much killing a goral needs for I believe it can carry off more lead than any other hoofed animal of its size.

Sunday Oct. 19

We rested today for it was another cold raw morning. ~~Our~~ Mum minds wanted to settle where we would camp permanently. We had planned to pitch our tents in the courtyard of a half ruined temple at the base of the white trail but the question of fuel was a difficult one to solve. ~~It had ashed~~ We had been told in the village that we could buy plenty of wood, and we wondered where on earth it came from for the mountains we had seen were innocent of anything resembling even a bush.

When asked to have a load of wood hit 'to us, we discovered that the word 'consisted of ~~bury~~

bundles of tiny twigs about 10" long, ~~so~~ which had been gathered on the mts. No other wood was to be had. ~~Hence~~ The villagers burn grass on their mud stoves which are worked by a bellows. The twigs were little more than grass & it would require tons of it to cook & ~~keep~~ keep us warm in our tents, so the idea of tents had to be abandoned and we decided to rent some rooms in a Chinese house in the village & send on to Kuei hua cheng for coal.

We found a small house in which we got 3 rooms and moved there in the afternoon.

Mon. Oct. 20 This morning was little better than yesterday in the way of weather for a strong wind was ~~for~~ blowing from a lowering sky. We started out nevertheless in the daylight we had taken yet, but ~~further~~ to the right. Saw no sheep until noon when my Mongol glimpsed a big ram just as it disappeared over a peak in front of us. We never saw it again.

We ~~ha~~ reached some grassy uplands a few moments later on which patches of snow lay in the

hollows & here we separated, Harry went on over the uplands while my hunter swung sharply to the ~~east~~ north along the summit of a ridge, still hunting for the ravine he had seen ~~and~~ ~~there~~ before. ~~The~~

We had a hard climb but saw no sheep. ~~As we~~ From the summit of a knife like ridge I dropped a stone into a deep ravine and out dashed three roebuck which had been feeding directly under me out of sight. I snapped at the buck as he disappeared around a corner of rock but missed.

It was a great surprise to me to find roebuck in country such as this where there is no cover of any kind. In Kana & Mmyda where I have hunted them they have never been far away from heavy forest ~~but~~ & have exactly the habits of the Virginia deer at home, but here they frequent the bottoms of the deep ravines where there is not a bush over 2 feet in height. They ~~seem~~ have ~~totally~~ changed their mode of living ~~and~~ by having gradually adapted themselves to the decreasing forest

until now they live under conditions as unlike their normal habitat as could well be imagined. It is this adaptability together with perfect sense of sight, hearing & smell which has preserved the species under the advance of civilization. Not long after I had put out the three rebuck we descended to the river bed and climbed the opposite ridge. ~~Almost~~ Suddenly the hunter stopped as tho' frozen in his tracks & whispered "pauwa" (rebuck). I could just see the white rump patch of a deer as ~~the~~ it ~~rested~~ slowly moved about on the rut. site. Except for that white rump the animal would have been invisible for its brown coat blended most perfectly with the dry grass & twigs. For 15 min. we stood motionless in plain sight on the summit of the ridge & tho' the deer several times looked in our direction, it evidently mistook us for a rock pinnacle & continued feeding quietly. At last when its back was turned ~~to~~ we slipped over the edge of the ridge out of view. ~~Slipping~~ Sleeping around the crest of the hill we cautiously came over where we could look into the valley below. The deer was gone but a second later there was a rush of feet to our right & below us and four rebuck dashed out. I fired hurriedly & missed but the first stopped

near the other ~~animals~~ and ~~I killed~~ when I fired again, the deer leaped into the air turning a complete back summer salt, & fell in a heap. ~~It was a fine doe, the buck~~ While we were skinning the animal, the buck which I had first missed circled about us on the summit of the ridge but would not give a shot.

Tues Oct. 21 Even the most exacting person could not have asked for a more perfect day than was given us when came out side to look around at half past five. The air was sharp & fresh and the sky was cloudless & ~~there was~~ not a breath of wind stirred the poplar trees beside the stream. We rode across the rocky ~~bed of the~~ ravine ~~& leaving our horses~~ at the base of the hills, sending back our horses by the mafu began the long climb up the slope. ~~In the~~ We were two thirds of the way to the top when my hunter stopped, pointed upward & whispered "pan-yang". There on the very summit of the ridge stood a magnificent ram silhouetted against the sky. Its great horns ~~curled~~ curved about a head as proudly held as that of a Roman warrior, as it gazed off across the valley to the dim blue ridges of the opposite hills. Crouched in the lines on the trail we watched the ram for half an hour. He was far beyond

the range & even our high power rifles but through his field glasses we could see even the ~~color of his gallery~~ touch of gray upon his hump & shoulders which ~~age had flecked~~ ~~when~~ many summers had ~~left their mark~~ washed upon gray. It was my first sight of an argali and I marvelled at its size. The animals body was half again as large as that of a donkey & infinitely more powerful. Placed side by side with the largest of our Rocky Mt. sheep, it would have made them look like half grown babies.

At last the ~~splendid~~ ram turned, ~~slowly and~~ deliberately walked along the crest of the range and disappeared. We were ~~many feet~~ instantly making our way up the steep slope but it was half an hour before we reached the summit. The sheep was nowhere in sight but we found his tracks ~~leading down~~ on a trail which led down a knife like ridge to the bottom of another valley. ~~At the~~ My hunter ~~thought~~ said that he was sure the ram had crossed to the opposite nuts and ~~in my course~~ there was no recourse except to follow him, altho it meant a stiff climb of at least 1000 feet.

At the creek we separated, Harry

and his young hunter ~~[illegible]~~ heading for a ravine which ran up the cañon but a little to the left, while my Dad & myself climbed to the crest by way of a ridge.

We had not been parted for more than fifteen minutes when bang bang bang went Harry's rifle, 3 times in quick succession, the reports rolling from and the gorge in majestic waves of sound ~~that~~ losing themselves in countless echoes among the jagged rocks across the stream.

A moment later my hunter made out three sheep scrambling over the crest of the ridge above where Harry stood but they were too far for ~~[illegible]~~ eyes. Then ~~after an interval~~ a voice floated faintly ~~to~~ me from out the canon ~~direct~~ "l-v-e, g-o-t- a f-i-n-e r-a-m" it said, "a b-e-a-u-t-y" and I could hear the happy ring in it even at that distance.

"Good for Harry" I thought, "he certainly deserved it after his ~~[illegible]~~ Kow-dy last night" for he had come in half dead long after dark. He had seen eight sheep & had had an exciting chase but not being accustomed yet to the clear atmosphere he had

fired at impossible ranges and drew a blank. ~~Just~~ On the way home his hunter had seen a huge ~~white~~ ram, white with age & carrying an enormous pair of horns climbing ~~to~~ a mid side & they had followed it to the summit, only to lose it in the gathering darkness.

I did not go on to where Harry had killed his sheep for it was already 10 o'clock and if I expected to get a ram it was high time to be about my day's work.

We climbed to the topmost peak, altho I longingly glanced at the lower ridges off to the left, and there found a trail which led ~~about~~ along the ~~mt.~~ mt. side ~~of~~ just below the crest. For an hour we kept on, stopping now & then to scan the grassy ravines & valleys ~~bottom far below us~~ which radiated outward in all directions. At half past eleven as we rounded a ~~steep~~ rocky shoulder I saw four sheep feeding in the bottom of a gorge far below us. ~~In an instant~~ My hunter & I dropped behind a crest & watch them. ~~They were~~ Quite unconscious of our presence they ~~were~~ worked out of the ravine across a low ridge & into a deep gorge where the grass still showed a tinge of green. As the last ram disappeared over the ridge

we dashed ~~into~~ down the slope & came up just above the sheep.

With my glasses I could see that the leader carried a ~~very~~ fair pair of horns, but that the other three rams were small, as angoli go.

Lying flat I pushed my rifle over the crest & aimed at the biggest ram. There were four tiny bush stalks lying directly in my line of sight and fearing that they might turn the bullet, I drew back & shifted my position ~~to~~ few feet to the right.

One of the rams must have seen the movement, altho' we were ~~almost~~ directly above them, & instantly they were off. In four jumps they had disappeared around a shoulder of rock giving me time for only a hurried shot as the last one ~~disappeared~~ vanished ~~from sight~~. The bullet struck a few inches behind the ram, and the valley was empty.

Looking down where they had been so quietly feeding only a few moments before, I called myself all known varieties of a fool for ~~having~~ shooting when the chance was good. Even tho' the twigs might have deflected the bullet. I felt very badly.

indeed for ~~them~~, ~~now~~ it was my first chance at an argali. But the sympathetic old hunter patted me on the shoulder and said "~~But yes you~~ Never mind. They were small ones anyway - not worth having".

But they ~~seemed~~ were very much worth having to me and all the light ~~seemed to have~~ gone out of the world. I smoked a cigarette or two but that ~~was~~ was no consolation in it and I followed the hunter around the peak on a well beaten ~~track~~ trail to the opposite side of the valley with a heart as heavy as lead. I was very keen for a sheep & had lost all hope of getting one that day.

~~Half~~ Half an hour later we sat down for a look around. I had ~~searched~~ gone over every ridge & ravine with my glasses without seeing a sign of life. The ~~sheep~~ hunting party we had ~~seen at~~ seen had disappeared as completely as the ones of the yawning gorges had swallowed them up. The great valley, bathed in golden sunlight, was deserted and as silent as the tomb.

I was ~~also~~ just tearing the wrapper off a piece of chokolate when the hunter touched me on the arm & said quietly "Pan-yang lila" (a sheep has come). He pointed far down ~~the~~ a ridge running out at right angles to the line on which we were sitting but I could see nothing. ~~with~~

with my glasses I scanned every square inch of rock but still no sign of life. Then the hunter said "There standing in that trail — he will come right to us" I tried again, following the trail as it wound from us along the site of the knife like ridge, Just where it vanished into space I saw the sheep, a splendid ram standing like a statue of gray brown granite, gazing squarely at us. He was fully half a mile away but the hunter had seen him the instant he appeared. Without the glasses the animal was nearly a blur to me and I should never have dreamed it was a living creature, but the marvellous eyes of the mongrel detected its every movement. "It is a very large one" he said "and has big horns. Much better than those others".

That was quite all right but the others had given me a shot & this ram, splendid as he was, seemed as unattainable as the stars.

For an hour we watched him. Now & then he would turn about to look across the ravines on either side or behind and once he came a dozen feet toward us along the trail. The hunter seemed quite unconcerned & now & quite now & then looking thru my glasses

"It is his same range we saw this morning" said he "after awhile he will go to sleep. Then we can shoot him"

I must confess that I had little hope. The ram seemed too splendid, too unattainable, and much, much too far away. But I could feast my eyes on his magnificent ~~horns~~ head and almost count the rings on his curling horns.

A flock of red-legged partridges occupied my attention for ~~a few minutes~~ a few minutes, ~~as~~ they sailed across from the opposite ridge, ~~alighting~~ uttering their rapid fire call, and alighted almost at our feet. Then each one ~~vanished under a stone~~ seemed to melt into the rock side, vanishing like magic among the ~~grass~~ ~~under shelter~~ stones. I wondered, why they had concealed themselves so suddenly but a moment afterward there was a subdued whirr like the motor of an aeroplane, far up in the sky. Then the shadows drifted over and I saw three huge black eagles swinging in ever lowering circles about our heads. I knew then why the partridges had alighted so close beside us. They had seen their mortal enemies, the eagles and had sought the protection of our presence. Even if the ram had not been waiting half a mile away I could not have shot my photos, no matter

how badly we might have needed meat.

When I looked again at the sheep it was lying down squarely in the trail lazily raising its head now & then to look around. The hunter inspected it through my glasses and prepared to go. We rolled over the ridge until well down on the other side & then hurried around to the projecting spur at the end of which the ram was lying.

The going was very bad indeed. Pressing with granite we continually crumbling underfoot and at times we had to cling like flies to a wall of rock with a sheer drop of hundreds of feet below us. Twice the Mongol cautiously looked over the ridge but each time shook his head & muttered in a low voice.

At last he took a quick look & motioned me to slide up beside him. Pushing my rifle over the rock before me I raised myself a few inches & the massive rack & head of the ram a hundred & fifty yds away. It's body was behind a spur of rock but he was looking squarely at us & in a second would be off.

I was perfectly cool and at the roar of the

high-power shell, the ram leaped backward & disappeared.

"I fear he's hit him" said the hunter, but I felt he must be wrong. The animal had not leaped like one with a death wound & if the bullet had struck where I had aimed (in the neck), he would have gone down like lead.

Never in all my ~~days~~ years of hunting have I had such a feeling of utter disgust with myself & of such intense surprise. I had been as sure of the shot as tho' the skin was already spread upon the ground & it was impossible to believe I had missed. Yet the ram had not been killed & I knew the little Mannlicher bullet well enough to be sure that there would have been no need for a second shot if it had found its way into the animal's neck.

A lump rose in my throat which almost choked me and I had to wink hard to keep the water out of my eyes. I was in the utermost depths of dejection.

And just then the impossible happened, why it happened I ~~sh~~ shall never know. ~~exept that~~ A kind Providence ~~had~~ ordained the sheep ~~under~~ its especial direction for as I raised my eyes I saw again that ~~massive~~ enormous head & neck appear from behind a rock

a hundred yds. away. Just that head with its circlet of massive horns and the neck. Nothing more. Almost in a daze I raised my rifle, ~~left~~ ~~raised~~ ~~steady~~ but with a prayer in my heart the little ivory bead of the front sight centered upon that gray neck & touched the trigger. ~~There was a roar~~ A ground-rending crash rolled back upon my ears, a cloud of stones, ~~the~~ a confused ~~vision~~ vision of a ponderous back heavily lifted & back — and all was still. But it was enough for me. There was no mistake this time. The ram was mine.

The sudden change from utter dejection ~~to~~ to the greatest joy a sportsman ~~could~~ ever ~~get~~ set me wild. I yelled with delight & pounded ~~my~~ the old hunter on his back until he cried for mercy. Then I hugged him & he hugged me. I gained a leap down the rocks to the spot where the ram had disappeared but the Mongol ~~would not~~ held my arm ~~let me go~~. For ten minutes we sat there waiting to make sure that the sheep would not ~~get away~~ dash away while we were out of sight in the ravine below.

But I knew in my heart that it was all unnecessary. My bullet had gone where I wanted it to go & that was quite enough. No ~~sheep~~ sheep which ever walked ~~or~~ ~~alive~~ ~~alive~~ with a Mannlicher bullet squarely in the neck.

When we did ~~descend~~ descend the animal lay half way down the slope feebly

picking and was dead long before we reached him. What a huge brute he was, and what a magnificent head! I should never dreamed that an argali could be so splendid! His horns were perfect and my hands could not ~~see~~ meet around them at the base.

~~Then~~ I raised his head ~~I have seldom~~ ~~felt such~~ a feeling of satisfaction, ~~such~~ a thrill of delight, ~~I felt~~ set the blood rushing through my body ~~I felt~~ as the most coveted trophy of a sportsman's life. ~~I~~ ~~wondered~~ ~~if I should ever have that prospect~~ ~~today would~~ ~~come again~~ in the halls of the museum.

They of course wanted to know what had happened at my first shot. The wound was then upon his right cheek. My ~~first~~ bullet had gone high, struck him in the corner of the mouth & ranged a few inches further on. ~~The second~~ A painful wound but by no means fatal, ~~and~~ & the ram ~~had~~ would not have been lying there had ~~some~~ some strange impulse ~~not~~ directed him back ~~again~~ to see what had so badly stung him. The second ball had been centred in his neck as the ~~in the~~ bull's ~~eye of a target~~, and had done its work ~~as I knew~~ thoroughly it would be done.

There is no argument with a man-killer bullet. Well placed.

After the photographing & measuring were completed we skinned the sheep — a two hour job. The head, skin, & leg bones weighed at least 100 lbs and the old ~~[illegible]~~ ~~grizzly~~ as we ~~[illegible]~~ humped it up on the Mungh's back we look at the ants we had driven aground. It was only half past three but we were a long way from camp.

I went on ahead hoping to put up a roebuck or a wolf, but we reached the summit of the first ridge with not seeing anything save a flock of chuckars. On the summit we found the trail over which we had made our way in the morning. Half a mile further on, he was walking beside the hunter when he jerked me violently behind a ledge of rock. "Pan yang" he whispered "there on the ridge can you see him" I could not, and he tried to point it with my rifle. Just at that instant what I had supposed to be a brown rock, came to life in a whirl of dust & vanished into the ravine below us. For two minutes we waited — it seemed hours — then the head & shoulders of a sheep appeared from behind a boulder. I aimed low, fired and the animal crumpled on his tracks. A second later three other sheep, two rams & an ewe dash out from

the same spot & stopped upon the hillside, 100 yds away. ~~I looked at them~~ I instinctively I sighted on the largest, but dropped my rifle without touching the trigger. The ram was small, & even if we did need him for the group we could ~~not~~ carry ~~his skin~~ his skin to camp that night. If we left him, ~~the wo~~ the wolves would surely ~~find~~ ~~find~~ the carcass ~~before daylight~~ before daylight, & we would have killed them and lost it, so I let them go, with the mental reservation that on the morrow they two would be added to the list of specimens for the group.

It took careful climbing down an almost perpendicular ~~slope~~ slope to reach the spot where the first sheep had fallen. It was a fine young ram, just what we wanted for the group. We skinned him quickly, cut of the best parts of the flesh & packed it to go upon my shoulders. The bundle weighed about 60 lbs and I tire quand when I looked at the two mt. ranges between us & camp. It was already five o'clock & in an hour it would be dark. ~~We hurried down to the bottom of the valley~~ Much to my relief the Mongol chose to follow the stream bed out to the plain altho it was four or five times as far as across

Dr. Lee's party reached Urga on the 27th of January & started a week later for Dolonnor & reached Kalgan on the 27th of February.

the nits. But before we had finished with that trail I wished we had gone the other way for slipping ~~& slid~~ over rocks and slidely into the water in the dark ~~became~~ lost all its fascination, before we reached camp at 9 P.M. But, withal, ~~to~~ my heart was light & I would gladly have spent the night ~~with~~ in the nits if it had been necessary to get the ram.

Harry was beginning to be very worried when I reached the village. After bringing in his sheep he had walked over to a beautiful temple 4 miles away & killed 8 hares. The skin of his ram & the rabbits were spread for inspection on the floor of our room, ~~& they~~ He had killed a really magnificent specimen, ~~which~~ larger horns than mine, ~~& we measured them~~ found them to be a record in circumference, being 19 3/8" at the base & 47" long. A Mr C Sandy had revoked the previous record as 19 1/2" on a head which he ~~picked~~ picked up ~~for~~ at this same place 5 or 6 yrs ago.

~~Mr~~ As I snuggled into the fur of my sleeping bag that night, it seemed to me that it had been one of the most satisfactory hunting days of my entire life, not only was my ram a ~~magnificent~~ splendid trophy but ~~that~~ ~~could then~~ been lifted from the heart

depths of disappointment to the heights of happiness in less than ~~a minute~~ 60 seconds.

Wed Oct. 22 I remained in camp today & superintended the preparation of the specimens but Harry went out to the same region where I hunted yesterday. He returned at 6 P.M. without having seen a sheep. The hunters said that they had been frightened by the shooting & gone back into the nuts to the north.

Thurs. Oct. 23 Today I had a great hunt. We got away at 7 P.M. and after climbing the white trail to the summit, after nuts, west by north of camp. It was our first look at the great gorge cut by the river thru the granite peaks, ~~and~~ by sunlight. And it was a sight well worth climbing high to see. There are very few gorges in China, or in fact in the world, that very far surpass it. The cliffs rise almost sheer for 1000 feet above the stream which shows like a tiny silver ribbon in the depths below. The little river doubles back & forth, twisting & turning ~~about~~ upon itself, ~~cutting~~ dashing & foaming over rocks or ~~[illegible]~~ smoothly in swift green sheets between perfect walls of granite. ~~Ab~~ ~~Fa~~ Standing on the summit of the pass one sees a wonderful panorama of jaw tooth peaks, ragged

ragged pinnacles and granite outcrops tinted with delicate shades of pink & lavender. ~~Under foot~~ Beneath one's feet are slabs of pure white ~~gran~~ marble, great blocks of greenish feldspar and

~~Far to the west the peaks give place to~~ Among the peaks are deep ravines the bottoms and steeply sloping sides clothed with grass, now brown & dry. ~~Here~~ Yonder the sheep are found. There they can graze or sit sleep with the ~~rocky peaks~~ grassy cliffs above them, & ~~while they can retire themselves~~ a safe refuge when danger threatens. Far to the west the the peaks give place to rolling grassy uplands, patched with snow. In these grassy meadows we always found herds of sheep ~~with~~ ~~now & then a~~ guarded by a male or two, but the largest rams were often solitary, wandering about among the roughest sections of the ridges.

On Thurs. morning Harry and I climbed the white trail together, and at the summit ~~we~~ separated. We were both making for the uplands but by different routes. Harry followed up the bed of a stream while ~~the~~ all hunters continued along the ridges. He evidentally did not expect to find sheep in the ravines for he kept straight on while after we

without a stop for rest. At last we reached the beginning of the uplands, and were circling a grassy hillside just below the summit when those splendid ~~rucks~~ deer jumped to their feet & stood looking at us not 100 feet away. Then with a snort the three bucks dashed down the slope & up the other side. ~~Hardly had they~~ They had not yet disappeared when two others crossed the ridge into the bottom of the draw. It was a sore temptation to let them go but, my old hunter had his hand upon my arm for fear I would yield & shoot.

Crossing the ~~summit~~ rounded top of the hill we sat down for a look around. ~~Almost instantly~~ I Before us had nearly a mile away ~~lay~~ three shallow, grass filled valleys dropped steeply ~~away~~ from the rolling uplands. Almost instantly my glasses caught the moving forms of tame sheep in the bottom of the central valley.

"Pan yang!" I said to the ~~[illegible]~~ Mongol. "Yes, yes, I see them" he answered "one has long horns" He was quite right for ~~the largest~~ the largest ram ~~was~~ carried a splendid head & the other was by no means small. The third was a tiny ewe

Begin

After the animals were wandering about nibbling at the grass, but and more far out in the valley bottom. After studying them awhile the hunter remarked "Soon they will go to sleep. We'll wait till then. They would hear or smell us if we went over now."

I ate one of the three pears I had left for tiffin & smoked a cigarette. The hunter pulled away at his pipe & stretched himself out comfortably upon the grass. It was very pleasant there, for we were protected from the wind & the sun was delightfully warm. I watched the sheep & wondered if I should carry home the splendid ram that night. Finally the little ram lay down and the others followed his example.

We were just preparing to go when the hunter touched my arm. "Pan young" he whispered, "there, coming down the hill." "Don't move". Sure enough a sheep was trotting slowly down the hillside in our direction. They did not see or smell us & can not imagine for the wind

was in his direction. But he came on, paused within 100 feet & stopped on the summit of the opposite swell. What a shot! He was so close that I could have counted the rings on his horns; ~~[illegible]~~ but they were good horns, too, just the size we wanted for the group. But the hunter would not let me shoot. His heart was set upon the big ram ~~[illegible]~~ peacefully sleeping a mile away. ~~[illegible]~~

~~"To me~~ "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" ~~it~~ is a motto which I have ~~[illegible]~~ followed with good success ~~[illegible]~~ in hunting & I was loath to let that argali ~~sheep~~ go even for the prospect of the big one across the valley. But I had a profound respect for the opinions of my ~~[illegible]~~ hunter. He usually guessed right & I had found it safe to follow his advice.

So we watched the sheep walk slowly over the crest of the hill. The Mongol did not tell me then, but he knew that the animal ~~[illegible]~~ was on his way to join the others ~~[illegible]~~ and his silence cost us the big ram.

you may wonder how he knew it. I can only answer that what that mongrel did not know about the ways of sheep was not worth learning, ~~was almost as bad~~ He seemed to think as the sheep thought. Withall was a most intelligent and delightful companion. His hearty sympathy, his keen humor and his interest in helping me get the finest specimens of the animals I wanted endeared him to me in a way which only a sportsman can understand. His Shansi dialect & my ~~[illegible]~~ limited Mandarin made a curious combination of the Chinese language but we could always piece it out with signs & we never misunderstood each other on any important matter. ~~He knew the words of English, one or two, but he was [illegible] & [illegible] & [illegible] & [illegible] was [illegible]~~

¶ We had many friendly differences of opinion about the way in which to conduct a stalk & his chuck like glee when he was proved correct, was most refreshing. ~~I may say that I almost always proved [illegible] because he knew sheep as [illegible] & [illegible]~~

NBP One morning I got the better of him and for days he could not forget it. We were sitting on a hillside & with my glasses I picked up a herd of sheep far away on the uplands. "Yes" he said "one is a very big ram". How he could tell at that distance was a mystery to me but I did not question his statement, for too often he had proved that his range of sight was almost beyond belief. We started toward the sheep & after half a mile I looked again. Then I did! I saw a grey critter, & the animals seemed like donkeys. I said as much but the hunter laughed "Why, I saw the horns" he said, "one is a big one, a very big one". I stopped a second time & made out a native herding over cutting grass.

But the Mongol would not be convinced. He distained my glasses & would not even put them to his eyes. "I don't have to, — I know they are sheep" he laughed.

But I, too, was sure. "Well, we'll see" he said.

when we looked again, there could be no mistake; the sheep were donkeys, sure enough.

It was a treat to watch the Mongol's face and

I made much capital of his mistake for he had so often laughed at me when I was wrong.

But to return to the sheep across the valley which we were stalking on that sunlit Thursday morn. After the rain had disappeared we made our way slowly around the hill to where he had come, to gain a commanding meadow which would bring us to the ravine where the argali were sleeping.

On the way I was in a fever of impatience. Ought I to have let that ram go? He was just what we wanted for the group, & something might happen to prevent a shot at the others. It was "a bird in the hand" again, & I had been false to the maxim which had so often proven true.

Then the "something" I had feared did happen. We saw a grass cutter emerge from a ravine on the left & strike along the grassy ridge first hundred yards beyond us. If he hunted to the right across the upper edge of the meadow we could whistle for our sheep. Even if he kept straight they might scent him

~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~. ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ The ranger's face was like a thunder cloud. I believe he would have ~~[illegible]~~ strangled that grass cutter could he have had him in his hands. But the Fates were kind, ~~[illegible]~~ and the man with his donkeys ~~[illegible]~~ left ~~[illegible]~~ to the left ~~[illegible]~~ across ~~the [illegible]~~ the uplands.

~~With [illegible]~~ Even then my ranger would not hurry. His motto was "slowly, slowly" & we seemed barely to crawl ~~up~~ the slope to the shallow valley which I hoped still held the sheep. ~~[illegible]~~

~~[illegible]~~

On the summit of the draw the old hunter motioned me behind him & ~~cautiously~~ raised his head. Then a little further. Another step & a long look. He slid in tiptoe & ~~quietly~~ settling back quietly motioned me to move up beside him.

Just then a gust of wind swept across the hill top & into the ravine. There was a rush of feet, a clattering of shifting rock, a three argali dashed into view on the opposite slope. They stopped two hundred yards away. My hunter was frantically whispering "O no, no. Dont shoot. Dont shoot." But I was at a loss to understand for I knew there were only three sheep in the draw. The

two rams both seemed enormous ~~seemed [illegible] huge, [illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ & I let drive at the leaders. He went down like lead – shot thru the shoulders. The ~~the~~ two others rams a few yards & stopped again when I fired the sheep wobbled about but did not fall. ~~Again~~ I threw in another shell & held the sight well down. The "pitt" of a bullet on flesh came distinctly to us but the ram ~~did~~ stood without a motion.

~~[illegible]~~ The third shot was too much and he lumbered forward, rolled over, & crashed to the bottom of the ravine.

All the time Na-mon-gin was practically whispering "not right, not right. The big one, the big one". As the second sheep went down I learned the reason. Out from the valley directly below us emerged a huge ~~[illegible]~~ ram washed with white on the neck & shoulders, and carrying a ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ curling horn. I was too surprised to move. How could ~~[illegible]~~ four sheep be there when I knew there were only three!

Usually I am perfectly cool when ~~I am~~ shooting & have all my excitement when the work is done. But the unexpected advent of that ram turned on the thrills a bit too soon. ~~[illegible]~~ I forgot ~~all [illegible]~~ that I had whispered to myself at every

shot "Aim low, aim low. You are shooting down hill". I held squarely on his gray white shoulder and pulled the trigger. The bullet just grazed his back, he ran a few steps & stopped. Again I fired hurriedly & the ball missed him by the fraction of an inch. I saw it strike and came to my senses with a jerk but it was too late for the rifle was empty. Before I could cram in another shell the sheep was gone.

Ma-ram-gin was absolutely disgusted. Even though I had killed two fine rams he wanted to big me. ~~He told me that~~ "But" I said "where did the fourth sheep come from? I saw only three". He looked at me in amazement. "Did you know that the same flock walked by us twice & the other?" He answered "Any one ought to have known that much". Well, I hadn't known. Otherwise I should have held my fire. Right there the mingh read me a lecture for too much haste. He said I was like every other foreigner, — always in a rush. He said a lot of other things which I accepted meekly for I knew that he was right. I always am in a hurry. Running that ram that taken most of the good out of the others and to make matters worse the magnificent

animal stationed ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ himself on the very hillside where we had been sitting when we saw them first and with the little one close beside him ~~[illegible]~~ watched us for half an hour.

Na-mon-gin ~~[illegible]~~ glared at him & shook his fist. "We'll get you tomorrow, you old rabbit" he said. And then to me "Don't you care, an' shen shung. I won't eat ~~[illegible]~~ till we kill him!"

~~[illegible]~~ For the next ten minutes the kindly old Mongol devoted himself to bringing a smile to my lips. He told me he knew just where that ram would go; that anyway, we could have carried his head ~~with the other two~~, that it would be much better to save him for tomorrow. And that I had killed the other two so beautifully that he was proud of me.

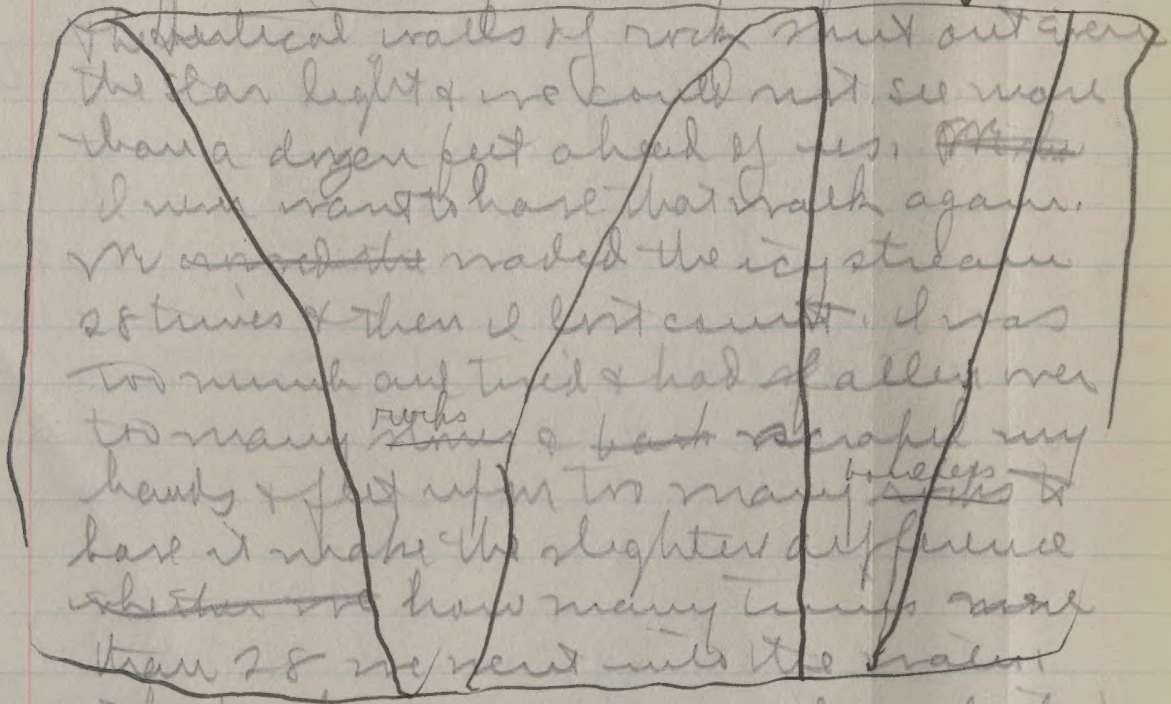
~~He patted me on the shoulder & petted me generally and I began to feel better.~~ I continued to feel bitter when I saw the two dead angali. They were both fine ~~young~~ rams in perfect condition with beautiful horns. ~~Just what we wanted for the [illegible]~~. One of them was the sheep which had walked close to us; there was no doubt of that

for I had been able to see the details of his "face & figure." Every argali has its own special characters which are unmistakable. In the carriage of his head, the curve of his horns and in colouring, he is as individual as a human being.

While we were examining the sheep Harry & his hunter appeared upon the ridge & ravine. They lost with them on a donkey the skin & head of a fine two year old ram which he had killed an hour earlier far beyond us on the uplands. It fitted into exactly our series & when we had another big ram & two ewes the group would be complete.

Poor Harry was hobbling along quite unable to walk. He had strained a tendon in his right leg the previous morning & had been enduring the most excruciating pain all day. He wanted to stay & help us skin the sheep but I would not let him. We were a long way from camp and it would require all his strength to get back at all.

~~At half past four we~~
We finished with with the chucks ~~at half past four~~ and tied the skins & meat & the meat on the two donkeys which Harry had commandeered.
Quite early Anne lay down the river bed for in the darkness it would be dangerous to follow the trail along the cliffs.
By ~~sign~~ 6 o'clock it was ~~pitch dark~~ pitch night in the gorge.



Perpendicular walls of rock shut out even the star light & we could not see more than a dozen feet ahead of us. ~~We~~ I never want to have that walk again. We ~~crossed the~~ waded the icy stream 28 times & then I lost count. I was too numb and tired & had shaking over too many ~~stones~~ rocks & ~~bank~~ scraped my hands & fell upon too many ~~stones~~ boulders to have it make the slighter difference ~~whether we~~ how many times we were thrown 28 or 27 times into the water.
The donkeys were our only salvation for ~~they~~ by instinct ~~[illegible]~~ ~~(certainly~~ (it couldn't have been sight) they ~~followed~~ followed the trail ~~[illegible]~~ along the base of the cliffs. By keeping my hands on the back of the rear most animal, the two nimrods close to me, we got out of the ~~[illegible]~~ canon & into the ~~[illegible]~~ wide valley.

~~I would have been "all in" if it had not been for these two rams upon the donkeys & the dirt & the big fellow which was waiting for us on the morrow.~~

~~I was so~~ When we got to the village I was hungry enough to eat ~~[illegible]~~ chips for I had had only three apples since ~~[illegible]~~ breakfast in the morning & it was then nine at night. ~~But don't for one moment believe that I am the type of hunter who boasts that "I never bother about tiffin. I never think about it."~~

I heard that from a man, I usually shut him down as one who has not hunted very much. Several times I have been out with one of these men who "never think about tiffin" and have usually found that when I sit down to eat my sandwiches, dried fruit & sweet chocolate, he looks at it so anxiously that I divide with him & he salvages even the crumbs of the larger half.

On this particular day we had left camp in rather a hurry & I had forgotten to put anything except the apples in my pocket.

Harry had hurried into camp just after dark and ~~had~~ met ~~welcomed~~ ~~two guests~~ ~~whom we had been expecting~~ Commander Thomas Hutchins, ~~and~~ Naval Attaché of the Am. Legation & Major Austin Barker of the British Army ~~whom we had been expecting. for a week's shooting~~

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They had reached the village about ~~10 A.M.~~ ten o'clock in the morning and spent the day ~~rabbit hunting at the~~ shooting hares near a beautiful temple which Harry had ~~had found~~ discovered.

~~Just~~ I found all three of them in their sleeping bags, for it was cold as blazes in the house. The ~~grass~~ fires which the Chinese villages use for cooking are a pretty poor excuse for real heat. But the natives seldom take off their ~~outer~~ clothes and do not seem to mind the cold.

The boys had waited dinner for me, and we ate it amid ~~the~~ a gale of laughter ~~which~~. Tom & Barker are as good company for a camping trip as any men I have ever been with and the five days they were with us were the more so as none of us will ever forget.

They had had a good trip up but got to the Tai Hai in the middle of the day when the ducks & geese were ~~flying~~ resting far out in the lake so they had had but little shooting. Tom had letters from Yuette & papers, and it was midnight before I got to sleep.

But in the morn I felt as fit as ever for the air is so wonderfully invigorating that one needs only about half the sleep one must have even in Peking. ~~But~~ It is usually that way in the field for the expenditure of energy is only

we were always laughing during the five days Tom & Barker were with us

physical. One's nerves get a complete rest and the sunshine & fresh air, the absolutely normal life, early sleep & early rising combined with wholesome food is about the best nerve tonic I know of.

Tri. Ed. 2 Begin

Harry was not up the hunting the next day because his foot needed a complete rest. I took Tom out with me while Barker was piloted by an old Mongol who gave promise of being a good hunter. Tom & I climbed the white trail to the summit of the ridge while Barker bore off to the left to gain the peaks on the other side of the gorge. Na-num-gin, my old hunter was seen for the big ram which I had missed the day before. He had a very definite impression of just where that sheep was & he found and be completely ignored the ravines on either side of the trail he had along which we took and the day before.

Not half a mile from the summit of the pass the Mongol stopped & said "Pan-yang, — on that ridge across the valley". He looked again and turned to me with a smile "It is the same ram", he said "I knew he would be here". Sure enough when I got my glasses on the sheep I recognized an old friend. He had found a herd of ewes with him and they

was

had been found by another ram carrying a circlet of horns ~~with horns~~ ~~not~~ ~~not~~ far short of the big fellow's in size. ~~not~~ For half an hour we watched them while the nights smoked. The sheep were standing ~~[illegible]~~ on the very crest of a ridge across the ~~[illegible]~~ river, moving a few steps now & then but never going ~~[illegible]~~ far from where we first discovered ~~them~~ them. My hunter said that soon they would go to sleep ~~[illegible]~~ and in less than ~~they disappeared~~ half an hour they filed down hill into the valley, thence, too, went down, ~~[illegible]~~ crossed a low ridge & descended to the ~~[illegible]~~ river's edge.

The climb up the other side was decidedly ~~[illegible]~~ stiff ~~but~~ ~~it was~~ and nearly an hour before we were peering into the ravine where the sheep had disappeared. They were not there, & the hunter said they had gone either up or down the ~~[illegible]~~ valley; he could not tell which way.

We went up first, but no sheep. Then we crossed to the ridge where she had first seen ~~them~~ ~~[illegible]~~ the argali and ~~looked~~ cautiously looked over a ledge of rocks. ~~[illegible]~~ There they were, about 300 yds. below, but we in the edge for they had seen Tom's hunter who had carelessly exposed himself on the crest of the ridge.

~~[illegible] Tom to have the first shot~~
Tom ~~but he~~ fired ~~[illegible]~~ hurriedly, neglecting to
remember that he was shooting down
hill, & consequently over shot the big ~~[illegible]~~ ram. They
rushed off with two shots of mine
falling short at nearly 400 yds as
they disappeared behind a rocky ledge.

Tkay mungi said that we might intercept them
if we ~~[illegible]~~ hurried and led me a
merry chase into the bottom of the ravine
& up the other side. The sheep were there
but standing in an ampitheatre formed
by inaccessible cliffs. I ~~[illegible]~~ advocated
going to the ridge above & trying for a shot
but the hunter scoffed at the idea.
He said they would surely ~~[illegible]~~ scent or hear
us long before we could see them. ~~He made~~
~~himself comfortable and prepared to wait~~
~~until~~ the sheep ~~lay down.~~

Tom & his mungi joined us in ~~[illegible]~~ a short
time & for ~~half~~ an hour we lay in the
warm sunshine waiting for the sheep
to compose themselves. ~~& resume the nap which we had so rudely disturbed.~~ It was
delightfully warm, and we were perfectly content to remain there all the afternoon amid the glorious panorama of encircling peaks, ~~and assist~~ ~~[illegible] the~~
~~glorious panorama of encircling~~
~~peaks we [illegible] cared very little~~
~~how long it took the sheep to settle~~
~~themselves.~~

At last ~~[illegible]~~ Na-mun-gin prepared to ~~[illegible]~~ leave.

He indicated that we were to go below & that Tonis hunter was to drive the sheep to us. When we reached the river they ~~They~~ Hunger placed me behind a rock ~~beside the stream~~ at the mouth of the amphitheatre. He took me half way up the slope & we settled ourselves behind two boulders. I was breathing hard from the strenuous climb and the old fellow waited until I was ready to shoot; then he gave a signal & Tonis hunter appeared at the very summit of the rocky amphitheatre. Instantly the sheep came on the move ~~The~~ running ~~[illegible]~~ directly toward us. ~~I [illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ They seemed to be as large as elephants, for ~~[illegible]~~ as close to a living argali. Just as the animals mounted the crest of a ~~[illegible]~~ rocky ledge, not more than fifty yards away Na-mu-gin whistled sharply, & the sheep stopped as that turned to stone.

"Now" he whispered "shoot". As I lift my rifle to the level ~~[illegible]~~ it banged in the air. I had been showing the hunters how to use the delicate set-triggers ~~[illegible]~~ & had carelessly left it on. The sheep instantly dashed away ~~[illegible]~~ but there was only avenue of escape and ~~[illegible]~~ that was down hill past me. My second shot broke the hind leg of the big ram. ~~[illegible]~~ The third struck between the ~~[illegible]~~ abdomen ~~[illegible]~~ low down and ~~[illegible]~~ but ~~[illegible]~~ on.

The sheep had reached the bottom of the valley when my fourth bullet broke his neck.

Tom opened fire when the the other ram & the ewe jumped a plank at the mouth of the amphitheatre, but his rear sight had loosened on the climb down the cliff & his shots went wild. It was hard luck for I was very anxious to have him kill an argali.

It The abdomen shot would have finished the big ram eventually and I might have killed the other before it crossed the creek, but experience has taught me that to take no chances with a wounded animal in this rough country. such as this.

I have lost too many specimens by being loth to finish them off when they were badly hit.

The ram I had killed was a beauty. His horns were almost equal to those of the record head which Harry had killed on the first day but one of them was marred by a broken tip.

The old ram must have weathered nearly a score of winters

and have had many battles. But his neck
coat was thick & fine, the most beautiful of any we had ~~killed~~ seen
lay in the bottom of the valley impressed again
an argali's body. ~~a wild sheep's body~~ an excellent
it
arrived before we had finished our
maybe ~~having~~ driving two animals before him.
sheep
about
the donkey and with his tremendous
neck & head must have weighed a great deal
more.

After the ram had been skinned
Tom & I left the men to pack in the
meat, skin & head while we climbed to the
summit of the pass and walked
slowly home in the twilight.

Major Barker came in shortly after we
reached the village. He was almost done,
for his man had taken him out by
rough country north of camp. A strenuous
day for a man just from the city
and who had been badly gassed in addition but
Barker was enthusiastic. Even tho' he had not killed a ram he
had wounded one in the leg & had seen
twenty sheep, more than either Harry or
I during the entire trip we had been
at Nice this.

~~Harry had an morning his first all day & had not been out of the house.~~

Sat. Oct 25 I had caught a heavily cold & was feeling badly this a.m. but went out to see if I could get a game. Had a long trip ~~[illegible]~~ over the uplands to the west but saw no sheep. Barker went with us until noon, then struck off to the north. He found sheep almost at once & had several shots but got no game.

Sun. Oct. 26 I was in bad shape today but went to Kiwi-hwa-ling with Tom. Barker went for sheep. Harry stayed home.

Kiwa hwa is a rather interesting place but such a dust storm was raging that we saw little of it. It is supposed to have some very fine rugs but the clerks were atrocious tho the work was good. We were chiefly interested in a Chinese store which carried a wonderful assortment of foreign groceries — with regular Uiga prices. I have never seen a shop like it in any interior city of China. It is a Tientsin branch.

Over the city gates of Kiwi-hwa we saw half a dozen cages in which heads of bandits & criminals are displayed as a warning to the populace. They ~~[illegible]~~ now seem many ~~[illegible]~~

were empty now.

While we were at a rug shop, Chai arrived with a note from Harry saying the police would not let him leave the ship because his passport was not vised. We insisted the police head & he promised to fix it, for Tom gave him a statement, as an official of the Legation promising to be responsible for Harry.

As a matter of fact we had "put it over" most beautifully on the police. We were settled at the ship & thinking before they knew that we were there & when it was too late to get us out. They did the only sensible thing — which was to send gendarms to accompany us when we left the village except to hunt ships. This they started out to do on the ship hunt the day after Tom & Baker arrived but we left them half way up the mt. — they couldn't stand the strain.

The gendarms were rather decent fellows — much better than the average. They didn't bother us any. They had a sentry standing all day by the big tree in front of our house — what for I can't say.

Sunday Oct. 27

On Monday it was raining

S pretty badly hurt hunted the rugged
nts to the south without seeing
any sheep. Barker was all in from
his hard hunt of Sunday when he saw
10 or 12 sheep but got none. Tom & he
went to Kiu hua.

Tues. Oct. 28 Tom & Barker left this a.m. & we
hated to see them go. I was feeling
very sick with my cold & laid in
bed all day.

Wed. Oct. 29 We left today for Wu Tai Hai to hunt
wapiti. We had wanted to go to
another sheep place Po li from Wu Shi
tu but the Chinese would not let us
because of bandits. Rather than
have trouble we decided not to go there
tho' there is no doubt that there was no
more danger there than at Wu Shi tu.
Our road lay along the base
of the mt. ridges & there seemed to
be fine country for sheep.

Thurs. Oct. 30 Today we had travelled well until
about noon when the cart
turned over in a deep ravine.
Fortunately it caught on two
rocks & did not go to the bottom but
most of our stuff dropped out
& fell below. Chu had been
riding on the cart but did not like
the look of the place they were going

& dropped off just in time. Hermod surely have been killed otherwise.

Our sedan escort proved themselves of some value commandeering a cart & 10 men from a village 2 miles away. We finally got the cart righted & by great good fortune nothing was broken. It was so late that we could not go on & make Mu Tai Hai that night tho' it was only 30 li away. A Mouse I was feeling miserable - lungs filled up - rather worried about pneumonia.

Thursday Oct 31 Shortly after leaving the village we turned north into a fairly wide valley which narrowed rapidly as we ascended. The sides were high cliffs sometimes almost perpendicular cliffs of granite. We looked in vain for signs of game - not a buck was in sight - the hills were bare & barren.

We heard many chukars and had some fine shooting on the way up. The partridges keep well up in the rocks & close together. Afterwards we used see them standing on a rock or running up the hill sides. It was hard

shooting for the chukkar was very stiff & when once the birds were flushed they sailed across a ravine to the other side. ~~& at most~~ We got a dozen or so & then ran out of shells for we had unexpected to shoot much & the ammunition was deep down in the kyte boxes. The chukars give a rapid fire chucking call from which their name is derived. They are beautiful birds about the size of an ruffed grouse. The shades of brown & lavender & buff ~~are~~ blend most delicately & the black bars on the wing coverts give a remarkable contrast to the soft colors. We saw hundreds of them both at Wu shi in & Wu di bai ~~&~~ also many flocks of bearded partridges. The latter about the size of a bob white fly more rapidly than the chukars & get up with a metallic whistling which is most startling. They are not such rock lovers as the chukars but we found them high up on the grassy slopes of the mts. & often the two species were flushed from the same place. But the two were mixed.

The road up the valley was very bad. ~~for~~ Huge stones make it very difficult going for the cart and it was just until noon that we reached the village of Wu Tai Hsien. It is a wretched little place of small mud huts which offered a most unpleasant place to spend even a night. Chen who had ridden on ahead met us at the gate of one & announced "This is the American Legation". We learned later that some marine officers from the Legation had stayed there several years ago. Probably Capt. Helcomb or Lull. The "Am. Legation" was a most unimpressing place. ~~A mud floor in~~ The largest room was partly divided by a wall & in one half was a pig sty - the other portion boasted a very dirty kang. Over a ~~fr~~ hole of paper was on the window and the wind blew through ~~like~~ like a gale of ice.

After one look we started out to find a better place, ~~we~~ inspected every house in the village with a negative result & finally perforce returned to the "Legation". We got the place cleaned out, paper on the windows & spread our mats on the kang. It was not quite so

bad then ~~and before~~ for we might ~~o~~ we decided to pitch our tents as soon as we had had a bath at the country. I spent all the rest of the day in my sleeping bag.

Sat. Nov. 1 We started at 7 a.m. up the valley. Taking a short cut over a hill behind the village we came down ~~into~~ to the stream bed ~~between~~ into a canyon with almost perpendicular walls of rock on the north side. It was a place of ~~awe-inspiring grandeur, which gives a touch of picturesqueness~~ picturesqueness by a pinnacle of rock shooting up 300 feet or more & surmounted by a tiny temple. How the materials for building the shrine were ever ~~taken~~ transported to the summit is a mystery. The labor of building it, ~~and even of cloud~~ must have been tremendous & very the poor people climbing there to worship must ~~have~~ give much merit to the poor souls.

Farther up the valley we passed two villages & then turned off to the right up a branch gorge where the cliffs were almost as tremendous as those below.

We were anxiously looking for signs of forest but the only cover were a few ravines ~~there~~, clothed

with a sparse growth of birch and poplar bushes, the tallest of which ~~reached more than~~ were only 10 or 8 feet high. As we went on up the valley we could see that it opened on bare brown uplands.

We got down upon a rock to wait for the hunters who were a few hundred yards behind. With a good deal of disgust we asked them where the wapiti were & when we'd get them.

"We have already arrived" they answered "the deer are in these bushes in the valleys"

To say I was astonished only half expresses it. The idea of finding wapiti in such a place as this! There ~~hardly~~ seemed hardly cover enough to ~~[illegible]~~ successfully conceal a rabbit, to say nothing of an animal as large as a horse. It was a similar case to that of the redbuck at Washtucna which were living in absolutely bare ravines. The case of a forest animal which as the trees were cut away and its natural environment disappeared had ~~more or less~~ adapted itself to changing conditions with some degree of

success. But its owed its continued existence largely to the fact that the Chinese of the neighboring villages are not hunters and do not have guns. Were they like the Mongols who all have rifles, the wapiti would have disappeared with the forests, their natural cover.

We began to take a new interest in the thick scrub on the north side of the ravines (the S. side was always bare) and in the night we saw three ~~running about~~ near the summit their white patches ~~showing~~ showing conspicuously as they bobbed about in the thin cover. But we were after larger game & the hunters would not let us shoot.

A few moments later we separated. Harry continued up the ravine while my hunter & I climbed into a patch of scrub on the hill side. We had not gone fifty yards when there was a ~~sudden~~ crash, ~~in the brush~~ a rush of feet and an enormous wapiti dashed away thru the bushes. For an instant he stopped just on the crest of the ridge but directly behind a thick screen of twigs. I caught a glimpse of a ~~tremendous~~ pair

of antlers which branched high above the cover, ~~but as I was about to shoot who red hair~~ My rifle was sighted at the huge body dimly visible thru' the bush, in a moment more I would have touched the trigger but the hunter caught my arm whispering frantically "Don't shoot, don't shoot!" Of course I knew it was a long chance for the bullet would almost certainly have been deflected, but that wapiti seemed very ~~to~~ like a very desirable.

A second later the animal disappeared over the hill followed by ~~three cows~~ cows which left the cover more to the right. "They'll stop in the next ravine" said the hunter, and we ran up the hill side — I say "we", but I mean "they" for I could not run. My legs were like lead & my lungs hurt excruciatingly — I knew then just how badly conditioned they were. ~~But~~ I got on as fast as I could, but the wapiti were not in the next ravine — nor either in the next. We searched for hours but the springy grass had left no trace.

At last we gave it up and

and turned up over the hill tops. We did not know where we were going and when I saw those bare grassy uplands the hope of finding wapiti seemed too incongruous even to voice.

I was getting more & more pessimistic when off to the right we heard Harry's rifle. Three shots in quick succession — then an interval and three more. Ten seconds later four wapiti cows appeared on a hill crest. They were coming fast & straight toward us. We flattened ourselves on the ground and a minute or two later another wapiti appeared. It was a bull and as the sun glinted on his antlers, there was no doubt that he was a big one.

The cows were headed to pass about two hundred yds. above us behind the hill crest. I could easily have reached the summit before them & had them at my mercy as they crossed the bare meadow. But the big bull was also coming to wind us, lower down, and the hunter would not let me move.

Again I felt that "the bird in the hand was worth two in the bush" but the mongol whispered "we'll surely get him — wait — wait!"

we would get a shot if he kept on but there was a deep ravine half way to us & he was lost if he turned into that. The ~~bull~~ big fellow ran straight toward us, ~~while~~ till he came to the entrance of the valley, my heart was in my mouth as he, stopped for an instant & looked down into the cover. Then for some strange reason, he turned toward us again and came on. Three hundred yds. away he stopped, ~~turning~~ about and looked at the ravine again as if half decided to go back. He hesitated a little on & I could not wait longer.

At the crack of my rifle, ~~this was the~~ we could hear the soft thud of the bullet as it struck his body, but he only swung about, ran for fifty yds. & stopped again.

He was half over a swell in the ~~ground~~ upland & I could see only ten inches of his back and his magnificent head. Of course I would not shoot at that and that ~~line of~~ gray brown ridge of body was a suitable target at 300 yds. Three times I fired but ~~only~~ either cut the dirt upon his chest or overshot. Try as I would I could not hit him. after the:-

third shot I saw it was no use
Running up the hill when his whole
body was exposed I fired again and
we plainly heard the bullet strike
but he only whirled about and dashed
down the hill. I snapped hurriedly at
his rufous rump patch & down he
went. He struggled to his knees
but could not get to his feet and
I knew he was down for good.

With a whoop of joy my hunter
dashed down the hill. The wapiti
was almost dead when I got there
but we kept well away till he was
entirely finished. My mongrel was
almost wild. I had never seen him
even get excited while hunting sheep
but he made up for it all on this
wapiti.

Before he had quieted we saw
Harry coming toward us down
the hill where the animals had
first appeared. When he reached
us he said that he had knocked
the bull down at long range and had
expected to find him dead until
he heard my shooting. His bullet
had struck the wapiti in the shoulder
& passed thru the lung, yet the
animal was running as tho'

absolutely unhurt. Two of my bullets had passed entirely thru his body, one had broken his hip & another just raked his back. How the animal ever carried off so much lead will always remain a mystery to me. Harry's bullet alone should had put an ordinary animal down for good.

The nafili was a splendid bull. His antlers carried six points on one side & five on the other. His hair was in perfect condition. He could hardly have been a finer specimen.

There was no doubt but that the nafili Harry found was the one I had first jumped. They had gone directly across the hill & stopped at the upper end of a patch of bush cover just in time for him to meet them after he left us. He had found at very long range for the bull was moving briskly and his first bullets had fallen short.

The sight of that splendid animal, which in any other part of the world is so typical of dense forests, dying there upon the grassy uplands where not the smallest bush was in sight, seemed as incongruous as the first automobile which I saw in the Arctic Ocean. I could hardly believe that this huge animal could really live in such sur-

surroundings & yet the evidence was there before me.

We sent his skin & head back to camp on the back of a bush cutter who had joined us just before we killed the bull and ourselves continued to hunt. My Mongol confidently expected to find the cows in a ravine half a mile away but the cover revealed nothing save three roebucks. We descended into the valley while Harry worked back along the crest of some precipitous cliffs. On the way he wounded a guide but did not get it. Altho I saw several roebuck my hunter would not let me shoot for fear a disturbing other rapids.

Sunday Nov. 3 We left the "Am. Legation" in the morning and moved camp to a water hole in one of the villages ~~just~~ farther up the valley and near the rapids and by two miles. The village consisted of half a dozen huts, with the usual hard clay threshing floor in front of each (here the wheat is pounded till the kernels have left the stalk and winnowed by the simple process of throwing it up into the air when a brisk wind is blowing. The chaff is carried away & the wheat

falls back upon the ground. In some villages on the way to Kui-hua we saw hand threshing machines which were exceedingly effective. This whole country is a great agricultural region, wheat, oats, buckwheat, kuliang & potatoes being the chief crops. Cabbages, turnips & a few cuships are also raised.

Back of our house the cliffs rose in sheer walls for hundreds of feet and chuckars were always calling from some ledge or boulder. We had some excellent sport after we had made camp and also got a rabbit. A half mile up the valley there were many pheasants so we were settled in the center of a sportsman's paradise.

Monday Nov. 3 We had a hard hunt after wapiti but did not find them till late in the afternoon and did not get a shot. But we did see many roebuck altho the hunters did not wish us to shoot any for fear of disturbing the big deer.

On this day I hunted alone, saw 45 roebuck. Probably in no other spot in all China can one see so many deer of any kind as here. The reason is the unique & unusual conditions under which they live. The deer are all concentrated in the

the very limited space of a few ravines which afford cover ~~and~~ instead of being spread out over a large area as in the forest. Moreover, they are easy to see because of the bare bushes, which now are all leafless.

But altho there are hundreds of rye-buck there are really very few wapiti. And these are not easy to get, as we found later, even tho' our initial experience had led us to believe otherwise.

The ~~mountains~~ ridges are so high with such extremely steep sides that it is telling work to hunt ~~them~~ the ravines properly. It means climbing up & down all day over the roughest country. If we is fortunate, as we were on the first day, in striking the particular ravine which contains a wapiti, the chances are that we will get a specimen. But the probabilities are very much strong that after an all day's shark of the hardest kind we will have missed the wapiti altogether.

After two more days of killing hunting, when rockies were running about us like rabbits, we decided to do some shooting regardless of frightening wapiti. We wanted 2 skins of rockies and certainly

no where in China could they be obtained so easily as here.

Thurs. Nov. 5 — The first drive of two ravines with a mere a failure for the men ~~did~~ tried to cover too much country and the rorbuck escaped over a hill top without giving us a shot, but later we had better success on the opposite side of the valley. I got a doe & a fine buck & Harry another doe.

15 The hunters did not enter into the game with zest for they did not want us to do any shooting for fear we would get no more shots at wapiti. Otherwise we might have had several more.

Friday Nov. 6 — It was a ~~lesto~~ cool morning but bright sunlight. We decided to hunt goral and went for 3 miles up the main valley to some overhanging cliffs. We separated upon reaching them and my hunter & I climbed to the summit of the ridge together. It was killing work — one of the hardest climbs I have ever had.

When we had stations on the crests far above the valley ~~the~~ two of the beaters came up — one above & one below — but they put ~~up~~ out nothing. We heard Harry shoot twice however, from another ridge & soon we saw his hunter, then ~~very~~ Harry, with a goral on his back.

One of my beaters had seen a goral

on his way up the rocks and he went him around & put it up. He did so but the animal ran down a cliff, about 300 yds away & he missed it. It dropped in a cave under a rock & he'd find twice into it the animal would not come out. Two of the beaters after an hour's work managed to get within a few feet of the cave but a shower of rocks & yells would not make the game move.

Suddenly when all was quiet it darted out almost in the face of a beater. He ~~yelled~~ shouted & waved his arms so violently that the animal turned back & down into the ravine. It ran like an antelope among seemingly impassable rock and was so far below us that it shooting was only a waste of ammunition.

Harry now it got into another cave in the cliff near the bottom of the valley, and he went down after it. I would not have taken that trip down & back for all the goals on the mt. but he was keen to get it.

It stuck tight in its hole until a beater ~~was~~ almost went in after it & then came out like an arrow. It flew past Harry, only 8' put away but so ~~suddenly~~ unexpectedly that he

mind it dear.

After waiting ~~f~~ an hour for him I decided that he was not coming up and went off with my hunter & two beaters to a ravine on the other side of the ridge where we had been hunting goats. The beaters made a drive but just put 3 rehbuck which ran about 150 yds below me. I fired only one shooting the bullet straight thru' the animal's heart yet it ran & rolled at least 100 yds down hill. ~~Shooting~~

Looking it back by every the beaters we worked along the chest of the ridge with the other man below us. He put out four rehbuck which ran about 200 yds below us, I made another heart shot on one and broke the leg of a ~~fine~~ second buck, it dimpled over the chest by the ridge & when I was running after it three more rehbuck came out of the cover straight at me.

Only one was a buck and I killed him at the second shot as he ~~came~~ turned up the side hill about 100 yds to my right. He was a beautiful animal with symmetrical antlers & a splendid skin.

He made 3 rehbuck for me for the afternoon so we went back to camp. Nanny had killed another rehbuck

beside his gonal.

Sat. Nov. 7 It was a raw day with a nasty wind when we reached the ridges this morning. The first drive for redbuck in a ravine where we had seen 12 deer was a failure and we got no shots except at a fox. The report frightened eight wapiti out from above us & the beaters saw them running over the hills toward the spot where we had killed the big one the previous Saturday. It was a hard pull over trees against the knife like wind and after drawing one ravine unsuccessfully Harry went along the bottom of the valley while I paralleled him on the summit of the ridge.

Three redbuck jumped out from a ravine in front of me, two going down toward Harry & the 3rd stopping behind a thick bush. He was a fine buck & it was too great a temptation to resist. I fired but the bullet went to pieces on the brush & never reached the buck.

Hearing my shot Harry looked up just in time to see the buck go over the hill. He thought he could head it off & ran around the base of the spur just in time to intercept three wapiti which were running down the ravine.

Harry dropped behind a rock & let a cow & calf pass him within a few yds

for he saw the antlers of a bull rocking along behind them just over ~~the~~ a tiny ridge. ~~He~~ As the bull came into view, he fired striking it in the shoulder; his second shot was a little behind the first & the bull went down. He got off his feet again and Harry put him under ~~[illegible]~~ for good with a third bullet in the hip.

Looking up he saw a second bull, alone, emerging from a patch of cover on the summit of the opposite hill 400 yds away. He fired point blank but the range was a bit too long and his bullet kicked up a cloud of snow under the animal's belly.

I was actually out of the road for I was nearly 300 yds away on the summit of the hill. I emptied my gun at the with better a chance but the bullets all fell far short. Harry's bull was not yet dead when I got down the hill & shows what an enormous amount of killing these animals need. It was ~~considerably~~ somewhat smaller than the first one we had killed but had an even more beautiful skin.

We hunted back to camp after the bull had been skinned and I got another rocktuck.

Sunday Nov. 9 We did not hunt today, but baled our skins in the P.M. put out some traps for small mammals on a hill above the village. On the grassy slopes we have seen great colonies of microtus but they do not, of course, come down among the rocks & it takes considerable work to get to them. We got 8 the following morning.

Monday Nov. 10 On Monday, on our first drive a beautiful buck roedeer came out of a ravine and ran down into the main valley where it was stationed. I made a fine running shot getting him squarely thru the heart while he was in mid-air as he leaped over a boulder.

A few moments later we saw the two hunters on the hill run toward each other excitedly and felt sure they had seen something beside roebuck. When they came down they reported 7 wapiti which had been disturbed by some shot and run out directly between them over the Mt. summit.

We were strong for following them of course, but the climb to the crest of the ridge was an ordeal. It was the highest

mil on that side of the valley and 2
every time we reached what seemed
to be the summit, a new section is
loomed above us. We followed
the tracks of the animals into a
series of ravines which ran
down into the opposite side of the mt.
and tried to drive them out, but it was
too big a territory for our few heelers
and the animals escaped up
over the valleys.

My hunter & I sat on the hillside
for an hour in the icy wind. We
were both shaking with cold & I doubt
if I could have hit a wapiti even
if it had stopped 50 feet from me.

Harry saw a young bull go
into a patch of cover in the bottom
of the valley & when his hunter
descended to drive it out, he
discovered a huge bull wapiti
walking slowly up a ravine
not 200 yds from me but
under the crest of the hill
where it was out of my sight.

A little before dark we gave
up the hunt & started home.
We left the top of the mt. by
way of a deep ravine
which extended out to the main

valley. We were walking along in the semi-darkness when suddenly Harry exclaimed "Great Scott there is a napiti!" almost instantly his rifle banged. I looked up & there stood a magnificent bull on the almost bare hillside not 200 yds away. Before I ~~had~~ ~~had~~ ~~had~~ ~~had~~ unslung my rifle Harry had fired again but he could not see the sights in his back sight in the half darkness, & his bullets went high. ~~With~~ Thru my peep sight the animal was perfectly visible. ~~and~~ I aimed at his shoulder & at the crack of my little Mannlicher the big animal dropped like a sack rolling over & over down the hill. He tried to get to his feet but could not make it. However I gave him a second shot to finish him off. When we skinned him we found that my bullet had hit him thru high shoulders lodging against the skin on the opposite side. On its passage it had passed thru both lungs just missing the heart. We were all delighted, especially my poor chum. ~~Poor old Munch was delighted.~~ We had all worked so hard for napiti that day that getting one when

the hunt was over seemed almost too good to be true.

It was dark long before we got in ~~back~~ and the hunters & dealers were very late with the skins & meat. We took only the fillets, as usual, and the hunters make a good thing from selling the meat to the villagers.

Tues Nov. 11 We hunted rapiti unsuccessfully all next day. The herd had gone into the mts far down the valley & we could not find them

Wed. Nov. 12 A grey ~~[illegible]~~ day we went after sheep in the mts near the entrance of the Nu'tai'hai valley. I found nine sheep feeding in the tussocks of a deep valley. It would have been a perfect place to stalk them had the wind not been wrong.

As it was they scented us & when we came ~~[illegible]~~ the wind below them they had run out

285
125
160

80 mac
35 Tom
653 Yvette
39 Dada
807
3.00
307

100 cash

18
26
37
16
97

747
160
907

653
117
770
5.87
183

770
5.00
270

75 rope
40 table
40 tents
35 rope
190

80 mac
37 Dada
117

club
3.50 cigarettes
3.00 beds & rabbits

1027.86
160
1187
1.60
3.87
270
317

18
4
3.50
2.00
1.00

569
197
80
1.766
5.00
266
50
216
147
169

653 yd
92 cash
80
830
5.00
300
50

40
30
4
10
84

200 grass
2.00

159
69
90

300 pigtrip
60 Kang
300 hunt
200 pumpt
860

60
90
150

200
147
150

653
84
569
120
449

12
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~~Franch Fees 35~~

Passports	8.00	
chow to Fang chen	5.00	
tickets to Fang chen	54.00	
hotel	3.00	
horses	~~160.00~~ 41.	
chen's acct travelling to mu shi tu	28.00	
chen " print pictures telegrams etc.	~~14.00~~	14
~~Heaters Sat to Mud Oct 27 inc~~	34.00	17
chen's acct. at mu shi tu	19.84	16
~~House charges~~	17.22	47
~~chen for pressures at Kuei hua~~	~~16.00~~	
~~RCA for pressures " "~~	~~17.00~~	34
~~Heaters~~	12.50	29
~~Oldhunter~~	29.00	15
~~House with Tai Hsien~~	18.00	78
~~Hamphreville~~	15.00	
cart to mafu	110.00	
other cart	12.00	18
Ford return to Fangchen	8.00	18
(Hotel Fangchen)	460.21	18
↓	5.00	54
Tickets	54.00	
Baggage	10.00	
Ford to Kaiu	7.00	
Carts etc to home	~~3.00~~	
~~Saddle~~	25.00	
	564.21	
Motor	4.00	
Bradford Caldwell	30.00	
postage on films to NY	~~10.00~~	
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	598.21	

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Dog 2.50
1.50

Baggg $.80
2.70

Tickets 6.40
4.00

Dog going	2.50
" "	1.50
" Ret	2.20
" "	2.30
Total	$ 8.40

tickets exts	16.05
" going	3.20
" ret	5.90
pigs	4.00
	39.55
Donkey	4.50
	$ 42.05

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4

12
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24
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34
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70 quem cart
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15 maps

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11
198

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